



Britain—Guardian of the Peace

Editorial Foreword

A FEW WEEKS ago it was my privilege to sit in the visitors' gallery of the House of Commons and hear one of the memorable addresses of modern times — the statement of British policy regarding the Ethiopian and other crises by the new Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Sir Samuel Hoare. Governments may rise and fall in England, but the world attitude of the British Foreign Office flows on forever like the running brook. In an era of uncertainty it is reassuring to know that the principles of international co-operation outlined by a British Foreign Secretary today will be applied ten years from now.



COLLECTIVE SECURITY

THE TENOR OF that candid and dispassionate declaration was a plea for peace through collective security rather than by alliances or the solitary action of Britain or any other power. The Foreign Secretary reaffirmed his faith in the League of Nations as the best agency for collective action. At the time of his speech there was much despair of the League among its friends in England. Geneva had been

flaunted successively by Japan, by Germany, by Italy. One group of the British press urged the abandonment of the League as a futile and ineffective institution. But Sir Samuel Hoare wasted no time in discussing the failures of the League. With calm vision he was willing even to overlook the possibility of war between two members of the League, Italy and Ethiopia. Said the Foreign Secretary:

I consider the League not from the angle of the past but from the angle of the future. I think much less of what it has done and what it has failed to do in the last fifteen years than of what it may do if it is given a fair chance in the next fifteen years. The more I look at the future prospect, whether it be a near or a far prospect, the more sure I am that a system of collective security is essential to peace and stability and that the League best provides the necessary machinery. If the system of collective security that is gradually being built up with great care and patience, were smashed, if the League became so feeble and futile as to have no real influence upon the course of events, the old system of alliances, that is the reverse of collective security, must necessarily reappear with all its ancient disquiets and intrigues. I said earlier that the War had not left an easy or a gentle world; but it would have been, and would be, far worse without the League.

The fact that Britain believes in concerted rather than nationalistic action in defense of peace does not mean that she waits, an idle spectator, until a group of nations agrees to act in concert with her. No other nation in this

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era has been so aggressive and at the same time so patient in trying to quench the incipient fuses of war whenever they have been lit in any part of the globe. In every instance Britain has placed world security before national selfishness. Dramatic indeed have been the rapid missions of Mr. Eden, the new Minister for League of Nations Affairs, to Moscow, to Warsaw, to Berlin, to Paris, to Rome. Of course Britain has been criticized, first by one country, then by another, for "going it" alone. Particularly galling to France was the recent British-German naval agreement, attacked in many quarters as a two-party violation of the principle of collective security.

The British principle, however, is not rigid. When it is impractical to attain the concert of the League or even three or four powers, Britain — in the hope that other nations will later see the light — is willing to advance the cause of security by regional agreements between two parties. Sir Samuel Hoare pointed out that France had no cause for new fears, as her naval supremacy over Germany was assured by the limitation of the German-British agreement. In the same spirit of initiative, Britain made a generous suggestion to Italy to relieve the Ethiopian situation. When it was rejected, Britain refused to be angry or humiliated but smilingly intimated that it was now the turn of France to come forward with some constructive suggestion.

When British foreign policy is compared with a steady, flowing stream, one does not imply that this policy is static. The French are sticklers for the letter of treaties, whereas the British admit that what is written may often cease to be true. A large measure of British diplomacy and patience must always be expended on waiting for the French to see that what has been decided by one generation may no longer be practicable in the next. England, it will be remembered, has no constitution, even for her own people, but a flexible and continuously changing common law.

No Treaty of Versailles nor any other treaty, however wisely devised, can keep our congeries of nations static for many years. A century from now some race which today never appears in the headlines will be precipitating a new world crisis by demanding territorial or economic opportunity. In recent years two races of increasing vigor and vitality, the Japanese

and the Italians, have pressed for expansion, and another race, suppressed for a time, the Germans, has reasserted its solidarity and enthusiasm.



ETHIOPIA

GREAT BRITAIN has treated the threats to peace by Japan, by Germany, by Italy with realism and profound patience. Although strongly critical of Japan, she has avoided insult to that sensitive nation and has retained the friendship of both Japan and China. In dealing with Germany, she has been so tolerant as to overlook even the Jewish question, in recognizing the facts of German rearmament and in reaching an agreement to limit the danger instead of confining action to angry protests. In the case of Italy, while seeking every means to prevent war with Ethiopia, Great Britain has recognized the reality of the Italian desire for colonies and has suggested means of satisfying Italy without war. In doing this the generous world interest of Great Britain seemed to outweigh her self-interest. Astonishing but entirely consistent was Sir Samuel Hoare's statement of friendship for Italy:

I should like also to make it clear that we have always understood and well understand Italy's desire for overseas expansion. Indeed, we have in the past done our best to show our sympathy with Italian aspirations in a practical way. In 1925 we ceded Jubaland to Italy and in the present negotiations we showed our willingness to endeavor to ensure for Italy some territorial satisfaction by a reasonable and legitimate arrangement with Abyssinia.

The British Foreign Minister referred briefly to the excellent relations with America. All men of good will in the United States admire Britain's effort to safeguard the peace of the world. As to our active co-operation, most of us feel that it is now Britain's turn rather than ours. Britain has led us in making splendid progress out of the depression. A concrete offer from Great Britain to the United States at this time would have a tremendous effect in uniting the English-speaking world for economic and military harmony.

Henry Goddard Leach

Our Rostrum

What Readers Write to the Editor

MILITARY TRAINING

Edwin C. Johnson, who opposes military training in schools and colleges in this month's debate (see page 149), writes the following in rebuttal of his opponent, Colonel Ralph C. Bishop:

Colonel Bishop failed to hint that realistic military opinion has questioned the value of the Officers' Reserve Corps. Mr. Hoffman Nickerson, who is decidedly not a pacifist, has criticized the O.R.C., saying our crowded rosters of officers have produced "a situation unparalleled in the military history of the planet" (see *Can We Limit War?* Stokes, 1934). In a similar vein, no less a military professional than General Johnson Hagood, Commandant of the Seventh Corps Area, has declared that the O.R.C., "consisting of 100,000 officers and no soldiers, is doomed to failure" and that "to say that such men (C.M.T.C. and R.O.T.C. graduates) can command regiments, brigades, and divisions is a travesty upon the military profession."

I yield to Colonel Bishop on the matter of cavalry at the 4 institutions he mentions: their horses are assigned to artillery units. It may be that they are not "fine, sleek cavalry mounts"; but if not I leave it to Colonel Bishop to account for the polo teams maintained at these places and to explain what national-defense interest they serve. And even if all the R.O.T.C. horses were used strictly for artillery work I would — without presuming to pose as a "military authority" — press my point. General Hagood, for instance, has pronounced the horse obsolete. Testifying before a Congressional committee 2 years ago he advocated the entire abolition of all army cavalry, all polo and riding mounts, all mount organizations such as horse-drawn cavalry, and all army horse breeding. Said the General: "For practical purposes the horse is now too slow, and he cannot stand up against the airplane and against gas." If space permitted, my statement on the decreasing utility of the foot soldier could also be supported by competent military opinion.

Colonel Bishop quibbles on the number of

hours given to "drill" by the R.O.T.C., as he does on its cost. On the latter, impartial judgment will hold him in error. He would count only the amount directly appropriated, presumably waiving the pay and allowances for the 1,658 War Department men on duty with the units and the expense of so-called free issues from War Department stocks. Including these items, my figure becomes not a glib assumption but a reasonable estimate of total cost.

The crumb of comfort which Colonel Bishop derives from the Chicago School Survey report is quite nullified by other sections of the same report, in which it is said that "military physical training is a joke and a poor joke at that" and which speak of military drill as "stilted, functionally impoverished movements . . . a stupid, valueless, and educationally poor experience for young men . . . often harmful" (see vol. III, pp. 176, 182 of the report).

Colonel Bishop is wrong in saying that "there is no conflict between the military and physical departments." A Ph.D. thesis on the problem concluded: "The interrelations of the two departments in the colleges has caused, and is causing, much confusion and inefficiency in administration" (see *Stated Aims and Purposes of the Departments of Military Science and Tactics, and Physical Education in Land Grant Colleges*, by Willard L. Nash, Columbia University Press, 1934).

Colonel Bishop distorts truth in saying that antimilitarist students at one college "mobbed" their own president. The fact is the president attacked the students — with an umbrella — as all the initial news reports of the incident pointed out.

Colonel Bishop gives an inaccurate impression when he says the United States Army ranks 19th among those of the world. The rating would be quite different if he talked in terms of military power and thus took into account factors other than man power. In any event, how does he explain that our (to him) low-ranking military force is one of the most costly in the world to maintain?

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Colonel Bishop is also wrong in claiming that leadership in the anti-R.O.T.C. movement has become communist-controlled and -directed. The plain fact is that in recent years Church leaders have provided the most vigorous opposition to the military conscription now prevailing in so many of our schools and colleges. Reference to the official actions taken by such denominations as the Methodist Episcopal, Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian, and many others will make this clear.

With reference to the Maryland situation, I want to correct the unjustifiable reference made to Ennis Coale, the student involved. By quoting from the opinion of the Maryland State Court of Appeals, Colonel Bishop casts doubt on Coale's sincerity as a conscientious objector to military training. Why didn't he quote from the opinion of Baltimore Superior Court in the same case? Judge Ulman said:

For the purposes of this case, the Court does not have to pass upon the question of his sincerity because it is admitted by the President of the University. . . . Furthermore, if this were not admitted, the Court would have no difficulty with the question. Coale's testimony and his demeanor upon the witness stand are utterly convincing. His sincerity is beyond doubt.

I leave it to the readers of THE FORUM to judge which opinion is most valid — that of Judge Ulman, who presided over Coale's case for three days during which Coale himself was constantly present and who saw Coale under cross-examination by attorneys for the University of Maryland, or that of the Court of Appeals, which never even saw Coale in person and which ruled upon the case merely on the basis of the record and argument by counsel.

A CORRECTION

To the Editor:

On page 11 of the August FORUM, Robert Hillyer, writing about his aunt, Miss Marion Couthouy Smith ["An American Victorian"], states that one of her poems, "The Trees that Lean over Water," "won the prize in Miss Monroe's magazine, *Poetry*."

Mr. Hillyer, doubtless feeling that it was of no consequence anyway, has failed to look up his facts. The poem referred to never was given any prize by Miss Monroe and her magazine but on the contrary was awarded the Charles

Granger Blanden Lyric Prize offered by the Order of Bookfellows in 1922 and was first published in the March, 1922, *Step Ladder*. . . .

GEORGE STEELE SEYMOUR

The Order of Bookfellows
Chicago, Ill.

THE TORIES ARE LICKED AGAIN

To the Editor:

It is the practice of your ilk to poison the minds of the unwary against a man who comes from the bottom and commits the unpardonable sin of failing to forget his origin. It is seldom that a man rises above his environment. . . . If you will observe, you will see that nearly all jackasses are gray, *burros pardos* as the Spanish call them, but once in a blue moon there is one of another color, one that is different, like the white blackbird; and it is this type that the mediocre ones try to ostracize. . . .

Your latest attack on Huey Long ["Callie Long's Boy Huey," by James Rorty, August FORUM] is a good example of the depths of ignominy to which you braintrusters and LL.D.'s have sunk. Respectable people are convinced by your billingsgate that you are indeed in desperate straits when you are so spiritually poverty-stricken that you have nothing remaining but the hiss and venom of the rattlesnake with which to fight. Huey rises in dignity in the estimation of the people more and more and assumes the stature of a statesman more and more, as the futile rage of his Tory enemies impotently vents itself upon him.

It is all right with you Tories if a man will do lip service to the teachings of Holy Writ, but when he actually begins to do constructive things for the betterment of mankind you begin to hiss and strike. Huey Long is one man who has risen above a mediocre environment and who has not forgotten whence he came. He is one man, I think, who has the greatest good to the greatest number constantly in view; and, since we are convinced of that, the common people are going to be for him more and more, in spite of the venom that snobs and Tories of the European school of thought are trying to inject into the blood of America.

HERBERT B. FAY

Albuquerque, N. M.

More letters from readers will be found on page ix of the advertising section.

The Holy War in Mexico

by **GEORGE A. MORENO**

I AM A ROMAN Catholic. I am an American citizen by birth. I lived 5 years in Mexico City. During three and a half years of my stay, I was prevented from enjoying the benefits of the services of my Church, and on several occasions my life was placed in imminent peril. Mexican Catholics were responsible for this.

There were no visible signs of unrest when I arrived at Mexico City in January, 1926. The churches were open. The clergy was ministering. The people freely practiced their religion.

On the fifth of February of that year was heard the first rumble of the approaching storm. *El Universal*, a daily of Mexico City, published the following statement from Archbishop Mora y del Rio, head of the Mexican Hierarchy:

The doctrine of the Church is invariable because truth is divinely revealed. The protest which prelates of the Mexican Church made in 1917 against constitutional articles that are opposed to religious liberty is firmly reiterated. It has not been modified: it has been strengthened, because it is in accordance with the doctrine of the Church. The information published in *El Universal* on the twenty-seventh of January, with reference to the campaign which will be undertaken against these unjust laws which are contrary to natural right, is perfectly accurate. We, the episcopate, the clergy, and the Catholics, do not recognize Articles 3, 5, 27, and 130 of the present constitution but rather we will combat them. Under no circumstances can we abandon this criterion without treason to our faith and to our religion.

(Signed) José. Archbishop of Mexico.

The laws against which the Archbishop protested were enacted in 1917 but had not been fully enforced. The Mexican Government's reply was a presidential decree dated July 2, 1926, compelling the enforcement of Article 130 of the Constitution, said decree to become effective on August 1, 1926.

On July 25, 1926, the Mexican Catholic clergy issued a pastoral letter which, in part, read as follows:

From 1917 to the recent months our conduct has been one of prudent silence because the anti-

religious articles of the Constitution were not enforced to the point of making the life of the Church impossible.

But the decree of July 2 of this year attacks the rights of the Church. . . .

In view of the impossibility of continuing to exercise our sacred ministry under the conditions imposed by the decree and after having consulted our holy father, Pius XI, and having obtained his consent, we command that, after the thirty-first of July of the present year and continuing until further order from us, all worship which requires the services of the priests shall be suspended.

The people, — mostly sandaled, sad-faced Indians — crowded the churches. Literally they pushed and clawed and fought their way into the temples to receive the blessings of their retiring priests. People knelt for hours, arms outstretched, before chapel altars; long rows awaited their turn before confessional booths; hundreds of anxious mothers carried babies for baptism or confirmation. Many wept while they waited. Baptisms, confirmations, confessions, and weddings followed one another in quick succession. Priests worked to the point of exhaustion. Some fainted at the altar.

The people of several localities rioted. I witnessed the riot which took place at Zapotiltic, a small town in the State of Jalisco. I attended the church there. It was crowded to overflowing with people who had gathered from all over the countryside. The faces of many were tear-stained — others wore angry scowls. From the pulpit the priest announced the suspension of religious services. Vividly he described the terrors of the fires of hell. He told the people they were being condemned to eternal damnation because they no longer would be able to receive the sacraments of the Church. He blamed the President of the Republic and all his agents for this. He called them heretics, Masons, and "agents of the devil." He talked of Christ and how He had punished the enemies of God in the temple. The people sobbed.

At the conclusion of the service, the people

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filed silently out of the church to the plaza. The priest was the last to leave. He closed the massive doors behind him and padlocked them. The crowd shouted in protest. The priest shook his head in a movement of finality. "Calles and his followers have brought this to us," he said.

Enraged, the crowd rushed across the plaza to the house of the Municipal President. Quickly the door was battered down. The people rushed in. I heard blows, shouts, screams. A bleeding man was dragged out. The mob beat him to death. His body was dismembered. The head, stuck on a pole, was paraded around the square. Then a woman, wife of the Municipal President, and 4 children, one a baby in arms, were brought out and beaten to death. Their bodies too were dismembered and paraded around the plaza. While this dreadful crime was being committed the priest stood on the steps of the church—arms raised to Heaven! The war between Church and state was on.

SEEDS OF DISCONTENT

WHAT IS IT that the Mexican Catholic clergy is fighting for? As Americans, we need to know, because efforts are being made to impel our government to act in the case. The demand is made that our ambassador to Mexico be recalled, that we boycott Mexican products, that the embargo on shipments of arms to Mexico be lifted so that rebels may be equipped. Senator Borah has presented a bill to Congress which proposes that our government investigate the conduct of the Mexican Government in its controversy with the clergy.

The struggle between the Church and state in Mexico is a very old one. It has been active for over 100 years. Its seed was planted when the first colony was established there in 1521. By virtue of the bull *Breve Noverint Universi*, given by Pope Alexander VI on May 4, 1493, the King of Spain declared the newly discovered lands in America to be his own royal estate, not property of the Spanish nation. Pope Julius II, in a bull dated July 28, 1518, conceded to the monarchs of Castile and León the rights of control over ecclesiastical patronage. Thus the king was head of the temporal administration of the Church, as well as political head of the colonial government. The clergy ranked as a privileged class, beyond the pale and jurisdiction of the ordinary laws

and tribunals, subject only to special ecclesiastical courts. The clergy's influence in political and economic matters was tremendous.

Notwithstanding the evils inherent in such a system, the Roman Catholic clergy in Mexico is deserving of credit for a long record of good works. Monks stopped the ruthless massacres of Indians by the Spanish conquistadors. Monks and priests protected the enslaved Indians from inhuman treatment. They won from the king legal recognition of the Indians' right to own the communal farms which had been part of the social-economic system under Aztec rule. They established hospitals and schools, taught arts and crafts to the Indians, and adapted our alphabet to several native languages. The clergy established universities in Mexico 100 years before Harvard was founded. It introduced the printing press to Mexico over 100 years before it was brought to the English colonies. The clergy stopped the Indian practice of sacrificing human beings to the Aztec gods. There is no exaggeration in the statement that the Roman Catholic clergy saved the Mexican Indians from extermination.

But, in exchange, the Indians were despoiled of their lands and were kept in virtual slavery even after slavery had been abolished by law. The Inquisition was brought to Mexico, where it existed until 1821. The records kept for centuries by the Aztecs of the history and civilization of their people were burnt. (This was a blow aimed by the clergy at the destruction of the native civilization, which it considered offensive to God.) While the advantages of their own culture were taken from the Indians, they were not given those of European civilization. For long the "doctors" of the Church debated whether or not the Indians were members of the human race. Some argued that, being native in America, they could not be descendants of Adam and Eve, hence could not have souls. It became the rule and practice to consider and treat the Indians as beasts of burden.

Serving the state, protected by it, the Mexican clergy waxed rich and powerful. "While preaching of heaven they appropriated the earth" is a remark credited to a Father Benavente as early as 1555. Evidence that this growth became oppressive is present in the petition presented by the Municipal Council of the City of Mexico to Philip IV, in the year 1644. The Council prayed that no more con-

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vents or monasteries be founded, because those in existence owned half the property in the country; that bishops be enjoined not to ordain any more priests, because there were already 6,000 unemployed priests; and that no more feast days be authorized, because already they celebrated an average of 2 a week. In the 18th century the king ordered the expulsion of the Jesuits from Mexico and the confiscation of all properties belonging to that society.

After nearly 3 centuries of oppression, in 1808 the people moved against the politico-religious system which crushed them. A Roman Catholic clergyman, Father Melchor Talamantes Salvador y Baeza, was one of the leaders of the movement. It failed, and Father Talamantes died in prison. In 1810 another priest, Father Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla, called the people to revolution. Father Hidalgo was excommunicated, taken prisoner, and shot. Still another Roman Catholic priest, Father José Maria Morelos y Pavón, lifted the fallen banner. He too was excommunicated, taken prisoner, and shot. But heroes and martyrs, many coming from the ranks of the clergy, continued the war until freedom from Spain was won in 1821.

The priests and monks who fought for Mexico's freedom were not apostates. When the first republican constitution was enacted in 1824, article 3 declared that

the religion of the Mexican nation is and will always be the Roman Catholic. The nation will protect it by just laws and prohibit the existence of any other.

A HISTORY IN BLOOD

INDEPENDENCE from Spain brought added power to the Mexican clergy. It acquired control over ecclesiastical patronage. Furthermore, the Church insisted on the protection and conservation of its properties and privileges. This plunged the country into a succession of civil wars. During the first 55 years of its independence, from 1821 to 1876, the Mexican government changed hands 72 times. Blood-spilling revolutions usually brought the changes. The records of those revolutions, unfortunately, only too often show

that leading roles were played in them by members of the Catholic clergy.

Nor did the clergy hesitate, when considering it to its advantage to do so, to imperil Mexico's sovereignty by becoming allied with foreign powers. Thus did the French invade Mexico and set Archduke Maximilian on a throne. And with regard to other religions the traditional policy of the Catholic Church in Mexico was one of unrelenting persecution. The graves of 60 martyred Protestants are eloquent testimony to this.

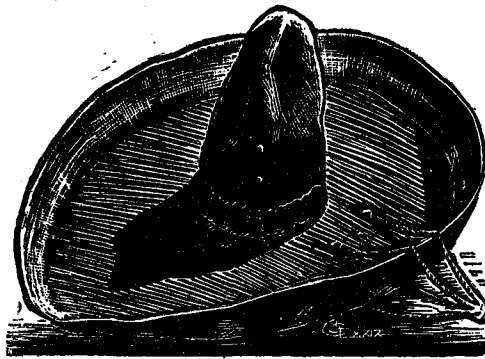
During those 55 years of turmoil and strife, the liberals made repeated attempts to legis-

late for the separation of Church and state, for nationalization of Church properties, for state control of public education, for suppression of ecclesiastical courts and similar privileges, for tolerance of other religions and guaranty of freedom to all. The most important of such laws were those of Gomez Farias in 1833 and 1834,

the Constitution of 1857 and Reform Laws of 1859 of Benito Juarez, and the laws of 1873 of Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada.

It is interesting to notice how these laws repeated the one purpose of divorcing Church and state. This repetition was necessary because the Church always had the power either to repeal the laws which menaced its privileges or to cause them to become dead letters. This legislative record is the best denial of the accusation made by certain contemporary writers who charge that the Mexican laws and policies of today are the result of propaganda from Soviet Russia. The Mexican Government is but continuing the struggle commenced by Roman Catholics over 100 years ago to modernize the relations between state and Church, as so many other nations have long since done.

The Constitution of 1857 was the law of Mexico during the 35 years of Porfirio Diaz' dictatorship, from 1876 to 1911. But he neglected to enforce its terms. He permitted the clergy to continue to own properties and enjoy privileges which were forbidden by law. The people were oppressed more severely than ever. Virtually they were slaves. They were kept



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illiterate. In open violation of the law, by military force, the spoliation of lands from the Indians was continued. During the last 10 years of his administration Diaz took from the people not less than 16,000,000 acres which legally were theirs. By the end of 1910, 90 per cent of the people were landless, 85 per cent were illiterate. Fifteen thousand churches and chapels raised their spires to Heaven!

The people then revolted, overthrew Diaz, and made their leader, Francisco I. Madero, President in 1911. But the Mexicans did not know how to govern themselves. They knew only that they had suffered oppression during more than 3 centuries. Many of the revolutionary leaders were ignorant — others were unscrupulous. Counterrevolutions broke. The country was plunged into a state of chaos which was prolonged by the power and wealth of those groups which, their special privileges menaced, sought to retain them.

Mexico struggled through torrents of blood until 1917 when, from that turbulent boiling, two crystals emerged — a new constitution which clearly and definitely established principles and methods for governing the country and a group of men capable and willing to enforce that constitution. In its articles regulating the relations between state and Church, the Constitution of 1917 practically repeats the Constitution of 1857 and the Laws of the Reform.

Even then, enforcement of all terms of the new charter was delayed. The government had to solve many problems which, because of the needs of the people, took precedence over the Church question. But the clergy's challenge to the Constitution in 1926 forced the issue.

THE PAGAN REVERSION

THE CATHOLICS opened their campaign against the laws of Mexico on 3 fronts: suspension of religious services; declaration of a commercial boycott; a guerrilla warfare conducted by Cristeros (soldiers of Christ).

The suspension of religious services was ac-

cepted by the people with extraordinary calm. Rioting such as occurred at Zapotiltic was not general throughout the country. How could a people known for religious fervor have been so indifferent under the circumstances? Simply because the Mexican clergy, after 4 centuries of dominance, has failed to make real Catholics of a great many Mexicans.

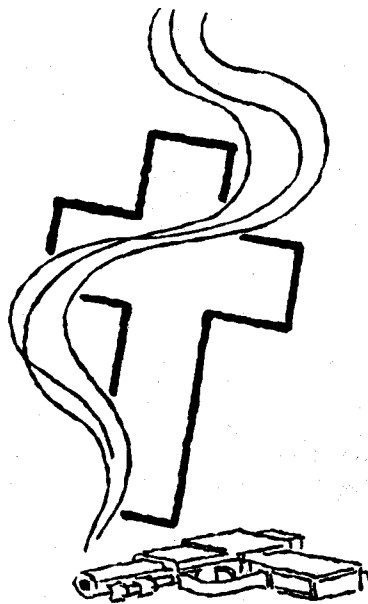
At the time of the conquest of Mexico by Cortes, thousands of Indians were coerced into

the Catholic Church on penalty of death. The new faith was taught to them hastily, often in but one day. They found in it much which to them seemed similar to the religion they had practiced for centuries. They believed in one principal god. They worshiped a host of lesser gods which they identified with the host of saints described by the monks. They too had a legend of a flood and a Noah. In their pagan rites and ceremonies they practiced confession and had forms comparable to baptism and communion. They found a close resemblance between their benevolent god

Quetzalcoatl and Jesus Christ. The cross had been used as a religious symbol by many tribes for centuries before the arrival of the white man.

Hence, a very great many of the Mexican Indians became Christians in name and form only. At heart they remained pagans, giving new names to their old gods and continuing to worship them. Unfortunately, this has remained true even till today in the case of a considerable portion of Mexico's population, whose superstitions, weird ceremonies, and pagan dances performed in churches have no place in any Christian church.

When the clergy suspended its services, the people became custodians of the churches, altars, and sacred images — and the people were content. They took care that their loved altars were not injured or disturbed; they were not so deeply concerned by the fate of their priests. In time, many grew indifferent to seeing their children go without baptism and confirmation and marry without benefit of clergy. To many it has been a real relief not to have to pay the fees demanded by the priests for such services.



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Thus the Catholic clergy, having abandoned its children, is now being abandoned by them.

The suspension of services created another evil — the industry of bootlegging sacraments. A priest offered to bless my residence (he claimed that an atheist had lived in it before my occupancy), if I paid 100 pesos for the blessing. Several of the workers in my business came to me in distress. One had a baby in need of baptism. Another wished to marry. The grandmother of a third was dying. Priests were available and ready to render the required services — at exorbitant prices. Great discredit has come to the Mexican clergy because of such abuses.

The commercial boycott called on all Catholics to purchase only such goods as were absolute necessities. But the great majority of Mexicans are so poor that they scarcely ever have money for even bare necessities, anyway. Even if they had so desired, they could not have figured in the plan. Among the well-to-do, some sincerely and earnestly did obey the order, but the great majority was indifferent. In my business, which was the sale of a product considered a luxury, no drop in sales was noticed. Within three months the boycott proved ineffectual.

IN THE NAME OF CHRIST

THE ARMED activities of the Cristeros commenced in 1926, and were continued well into 1929. They were deplorable. More often than not, the victims of their attacks were innocent Roman Catholics.

In April of 1927 I was on the Mexico City-Guadalajara train when it was attacked by Cristeros. I was on the locomotive, conducting certain technical tests for an American company. The tracks had been torn up. The locomotive was derailed. Immediately the train was subjected to heavy rifle and machine-gun fire. Some of the attackers picked me up from where I had been thrown and tied me to a tree. From there I saw the action which followed.

A military escort of 50 men rode with the passengers in the 2 wooden second-class coaches. They defended the train. They fought until 49 of their number had fallen. As soldiers fell I saw passengers — men, women, and children — pick up their rifles and continue the defense. The fight lasted about 4 hours. When the resistance from the train was over, I saw

Cristeros board the second-class coaches. I heard the screams of women and children as cold steel was driven into them. And with the yells of agony I heard the shout: "Viva Cristo Rey!" — Long live Christ the King!

Some men who evidently were leaders of the attacking party entered the coaches. They stopped the massacre. But others brought fuel oil from the locomotive tender. The wooden sides of the coaches were smeared with it. The train was set on fire. Frantically the screaming passengers struggled to escape from that burning inferno. Some succeeded, only to be shot down by the Cristeros outside.

I saw an old Indian woman throw herself out of a car window. I saw a Cristero pounce on her as she tried to crawl away. I saw him drive a knife into her throat and, lifting the dripping blade to heaven, shout "Viva Cristo Rey!" Over 140 persons, mostly passengers, lost their lives that day.

Believing me to be the locomotive driver, the Cristeros took me before their leaders for questioning. The papers I carried quickly identified me as an American citizen, employed by an American company. The rope around my neck was taken off. My arms were untied. I was spoken to courteously and kindly. One of the leaders questioned me as to the section of the United States from which I came. He asked how long I had been in Mexico and when I proposed to return to the United States.

After I had answered these questions, he inquired, "What is your religion?"

I replied, "I am a Roman Catholic."

He smiled affectionately at me and, advancing with outstretched arms cried: "Let me embrace you, my son; I am a priest!"

Several months later, I was a passenger on a train in the State of Durango, when it was held up by Cristeros. On that occasion there was no resistance from the train. The leader of the Cristeros, escorted by a group of his men, boarded the train and walked through it. As he entered the car in which I rode, he announced that we had nothing to fear. He said he was a priest and that we would suffer no harm from him or his men. He said that the Catholic cause needed funds with which to continue its defense against the Government's persecution. He asked us to contribute to that cause. He was emphatic in his assurances that it was not compulsory for any passenger to

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make a donation unless he desired to do so.

As he walked down the aisle, passing his hat, I noticed that he was as courteous to those passengers who failed to drop money into it as he was to those who did. But then, as he stood before a certain passenger, he turned to one of his aides and ordered, "Take him out." Two others were treated in the same manner. Then, in the presence of the rest of us, those 3 men were lined up alongside the train and executed by a firing squad. They died because they wore Masonic emblems! Again I heard the shout: "Viva Cristo Rey!"

DIVORCE

THE RUTHLESS methods of the Cristeros did not receive popular support in Mexico. To my knowledge there is no evidence that that movement was organized or authorized by the Mexican hierarchy. Indeed, with sufficient frequency, by pastoral letters and otherwise, authorities of the Church publicly counseled Catholics to refrain from committing acts of violence. But that those who did commit such acts did receive the blessing of the Church is evidenced by the following pastoral letter, issued by the Archbishop of Durango in 1927, from Rome:

Now that, in our archdiocese, many Catholics have appealed to the recourse of arms and ask advice from their prelate, advice which we cannot refuse when asked for by our own sons, we believe it to be our pastoral duty to face the question fully; assuming fully (*con plena consciencia*) the responsibility before God, and before history, we dedicate to them these words: We did not provoke this armed movement. But now that that movement exists, pacific means having been exhausted, to our Catholic sons up in arms in defense of their social and religious rights, after having thought at great length before God and after having consulted the wisest theologians of Rome, we ought to say to you: Be at peace in your consciences and receive our benedictions.

The Cristero movement was stopped in 1929. But violence on the part of Catholics has not ceased. During the 12 months ending May, 1935, no less than 71 rural schoolteachers, men and women, have been murdered in the States of Guanajuato, Aguascalientes, Jalisco, and Michoacán. Government officials claim that those teachers were assassinated by fanatical Catholics, at the instigation of their

priests, in protest against the government's program of socialistic education.

I visited Mexico last January. There I heard very much less about the state-and-Church conflict than I do here. The people were more concerned with the progress being made by their country and with the prosperity which their business is enjoying. Hundreds of miles of modern automobile highways have been built. Four harbors are being improved. Over 80 cities and towns are being provided with modern waterworks. Two new railroads are being constructed. Vast areas of desert lands have been reclaimed by irrigation. Over 800,000 peasant families now own homesteads, where 20 years ago they were slaves. The government operates 8,137 rural public schools, where in 1910 there were but 500. The political and social rights of the people are recognized. They are being taught the responsibilities of government. Industrial activities are prosperous and growing. There is no unemployment problem in Mexico. The nation's budget is balanced. It pays its bills currently. Our National Credit Association rates the Mexican Government's credit as A-1.

The citizens of Mexico are determined to retain what they have won after more than 3 centuries of oppression and a century of struggle. In their new scheme of things they have no room for the Roman Catholic Church, as it was established of old, with its power of acquisition of an incredible proportion of the country's wealth, its political control, its intolerance of other religions, and its policy of keeping the mass of the people illiterate. The long historical record of the Church's persistent opposition to every liberal movement aimed at winning social justice for the people and the Church's defiant attitude toward and violent action against the Constitution of 1917 were themselves responsible for this sentiment.

The Roman Catholic Church in Mexico has been reduced to a pitiable condition. All good Catholics, in and out of Mexico, desire relief in this situation. But they want politics and business taken out of religion. And relief cannot be had as long as the Church maintains its defiance of the law and continues to campaign violently against it.

A reply to this article, by the Most Reverend Francis J. Kelley, Bishop of Oklahoma City and Tulsa, will appear in the October issue.

The Rich Begin to Pay

by JONATHAN DANIELS



Daniel R. Fitzpatrick

Courtesy of the St. Louis Post Dispatch

More Grief in the Economic Stratosphere

LOOK AT MONEY and you look at life. Look at taxes and you see men in pain.

And the man who looks for pain in America only in the American lower depths is missing the writhing of the magnificent — a noisier, angrier suffering than that of the oppressed.

Or perhaps they are the oppressed. Certainly E. F. Hutton, of grocery and stock-market millions, spoke not only for himself when he declared that he was already 70-per-cent slave to the taxgatherer and only 30-per-cent free. And old white-haired, red-faced Jim Reed of Missouri seemed to the rich to speak in mild language of President Roosevelt's wealth-distributing tax program when he described it as

open to every criticism which can be levied against the burglar or the highwayman.

The truth seems to be that, if fiscal discussion in America appears generally to be carried

on in the terms of personal anger and in the tones of personal distress, taxation is a very personal matter to the rich. A rich man can love a dollar as much as a poor man, but, while the poor man is given the anesthetic of taxes hidden in rent and purchases and suffers only the minor though cumulative pain of pennies, the rich man is strapped down open-eyed to see all that he suffers, in one annual major operation. No wonder he screams. Even a man with a million-dollar-a-year income may bleed in his bank account when his government hacks away \$571,000 with one tax.

Nevertheless, if such suffering and slavery exist in America, as Mr. Hutton, Senator Reed, and others suggest, they at least have the virtue of not being widespread. Perhaps, indeed, it is not so limited as the 9,000 dead men (who added in life fear of taxes to fear of death), 8,000 live men, and 300 corporations that seem from the tax figures to meet primarily the President's definition of possessors of "great accumulations of wealth." They certainly are those he believes should be heavily taxed on the basis of both their ability to pay and their accumulation by benefit of the silent, contributing partnership of all the people.

But probably the list should and will be broader. The country remembers indeed that Mr. J. P. Morgan, who perhaps shares, as he sells his treasures in anticipation of demise, Mr. Hutton's sense of slavery, paid no income tax at all in 1931 and 1932. There were others besides Mr. Morgan, and there are public accountants and lawyers and tax experts whose business it is to transfer the rich to the ranks of the poor every year on that American anniversary of suffering, March 15.

Certainly there are all kinds of rich live men and rich dead men and big corporations in America. In their little number the rich are as diverse as Mr. Hutton and that renegade from Boston, Edward A. Filene, who, being at the

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top, must be a trifle insane to prefer taxes at the top to taxes at the bottom. As Barbara Hutton Mdivani von Haugwitz-Reventlow, who was condemned by her countrymen for spending enough on a birthday party in Paris to have given permanent security to one of the millions of American families on relief, and Doris Duke, over whom the country murmured approval when she said on the eve of her wedding that the tomato-colored bathing suit she wore was 3 years old. There is Henry Ford, and there was Samuel Insull.

And there are all kinds of dead men. There is Thomas A. Edison, from whose inventions are said to have come something like \$15,000,000,000 of invested wealth, who left \$3,000,000, a sum less than a little item of \$5,600,000 which the \$100,000,000 Andrew W. Mellon claimed as a loss for income-tax purposes. And beside Mr. Edison there is George F. Baker, who left something like \$500,000,000 (a sum later cut by falling markets), which he made by working hard and saving his money in a bank. And there was Payne Whitney (\$191,000,000) and Thomas Fortune Ryan (\$135,000,000) and Anna M. Harkness (\$107,000,000). And then there was James B. Duke, who left millions to his daughter and his Foundation in such a way that neither tax leviers nor rate fixers can touch Doris or utility without touching Methodists and ministers, doctors and orphans who share both income and defense of her fortune.

And, upon the word of the corporations themselves, there are all sorts of corporations. Any corporate manager will tell you that the other corporations are the bad corporations or, if not positively wicked, at least the ones which were a trifle more hurried than careful in selling securities and watering them, in doing this naughty little thing or that, in the expansive years of the 'twenties. Not only are there a few who make all the money, but some so big that they very nearly lost it all. Indeed, it is a tribute to either tax experts or the faith of stockholders that 142 poor corporations could lose to the tune of a net deficit of \$1,643,385,169 in a pre-Roosevelt year, 1932, and remain big, powerful, and notably vocal today.

II

TO BEGIN, where everything (except taxes) ends — with death: The United States every year, in the absence of war and plague,

counts 1,000,000 dead. But the taxgatherer from Washington, who alone comes after the undertaker, has no millions to count. In 1933 (and this total is characteristic of all the years) returns were filed for only 8,727 dead individuals, and less than half of them, less than the total population of Baraboo, Wisconsin, paid any tax: while 1,000,000 dead men left too little to interest the taxgatherer, this handful left and paid taxes on net estates amounting to \$798,246,000.

From the dead to the quick, consider the incomes of the living: Disregard the sad or useless millions of the unemployed in America today. Count out the children and the women who stay at home. Still there were, in the not very excellent year of 1933, more than 40,000,000 persons gainfully employed in America. They worked for earnings and with their earnings gave by their buying power whatever motive force there was in the vast but faltering American industrial order.

But, of these 40,000,000, *only* 3,600,000 made enough money (\$1,000 if single; \$2,500 if married) to need even *report their earnings*.

And, of these 3,600,000, *only* 1,731,116 were required to pay any income tax at all.

And finally, of these 1,731,116, a little band of 7,974 individuals, ladies and gentlemen, a company less than the population of Downers Grove, Illinois, made so much money that they paid more taxes than *all the rest put together*. Here of course were the millionaires, including not only such men as Mr. Hutton (a guess based on his 70-per-cent enslavement) and 45 other magnificents — a drop from 513 in 1929 — but all those who received incomes equal to a return — at 5 per cent or better — upon \$1,000,000.

And from the quick to the corporations: Tax returns for 1932, which being a bad year for one was a bad year for all, show that 508,636 American corporations, active and inactive, profitable and unprofitable, filed returns. But, of this big number, only 82,646 corporations reported net income for taxation. Furthermore, a little group of 284 corporations reported 57.99 per cent of all this net income. In such vast corporations, wealth has become centralized, but ownership has become dispersed; while the power which once lay in ownership is now in the hands of non-owning managers, who control a system which bids fair to be as all-embracing as was once the feudal system.

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In the managers of these corporations may lie, as thoughtful students of the modern feudal system of business believe, the power that wealth is. But the American, who knows that poverty is personal, insists that wealth must be personal, too. Perhaps he is unduly impressed with Barbara Hutton's parties. Probably he prefers to read of Mrs. James Henry Roberts Cromwell (nee Duke) conversing with the Mahatma Gandhi, as Alexander conversed with Diogenes, rather than the speeches of Mr. Owen D. Young. He knows with a certain shrewdness that he can easily be lost in the intricate realms of the vast and growing corporate feudal system. He believes, in a growing anger and futility, that it pervades his life but escapes his control and the control of his governments. More instinctively than reasonably, he approves the President's plan to tax the corporations in terms of the size of their profits. He makes often an angry distinction between the big corporation and the little one. But he still thinks of wealth as the rich man — sometimes as the rich young woman — and he understood without difficulty that everything was not perfect in a land of equal opportunity when in the golden year of 1929 a little group of 500 men reported net incomes for taxation which exceeded all that the millions dependent for life upon cotton had received for the whole cotton crop. Now he understands better than in 1929 the meaning of a "prosperity" that contained 6,000,000 families, 21 per cent of all, which had less than \$1,000 a year.

That understanding and the emotion which has grown from it deepened with the depression, regardless of the fact that while poverty increased at the bottom fewer millionaires also remained at the top. And those who remain there are today not only angry but fearful. Change has come in them, too, a change which is perhaps roughly indicated by the fact that the same millionaire who at Christmastide in 1930 gave a lavish debut for his daughter in the same block in which the queue of a breadline stretched across the winter street has latterly been giving only joint birthday parties for the President and the crippled.

III

ULTIMATELY, it will not be enough for the rich to be merely angry. Even if they were able to so arm their anger against the President's

"soak-the-rich" tax program that they could win, they would lose. But, caught in a paradox, they do have a choice. It is not so simple as a choice between high taxes and low taxes. Nevertheless they or the managers of the corporate feudal order in which their money is invested must choose and choose rather quickly — between progressively higher taxes, which will begin rather than end with the levies proposed by Roosevelt, or drastic revision in the economic order, which they, if anybody, control.

The choice on one side means taxes definitely higher. Yet, despite the tragic note in the voices of the rich, the angry protests against the new tax proposals of the President, it is more than doubtful whether the rich pay, in comparison with others in America, high taxes in accordance with the doctrine of levies on the basis of ability to pay. In the fair and final analysis, real ability to pay taxes is measured by that portion, if any, of the individual's income which remains over and above the amount necessary to care for all his needs (and needs may mean not only bread but polo ponies for a Georgian "prince").

In terms of this conception of ability to pay, the greater an individual's income, the smaller is the proportion of his real ability to pay which now is reached. This is, of course, due to the increasing gap between the amount necessary to take care of living, lavish as it may be, and the amount of income in the higher brackets. (Even if, in the highest bracket, the government takes in taxes 80 per cent from a \$10,000,000 income, there remains \$2,000,000 with which to sustain life.) On the other hand, for perhaps 90 per cent of the population, this real ability to pay is very small. The result is that their payment of taxes is a burden both upon themselves and upon the economic life of the nation — because it retards buying power at a time when the ability profitably to use present investment in production is more important, even to the rich, than new investment in production (where the large surpluses of big incomes inevitably go).

The rich American may say with some truth that the proposed new levies on great incomes and estates may be higher than even those British income taxes and death duties about which we have heard so much. The British load, indeed, falls heaviest not on the rich but on the lower and middle classes. And it is on

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them that many of the rich would put it in America. It is apparently on them that Senator Vandenburg of Michigan, who is reported to be a receptive candidate for the Republican presidential nomination, would put it too. Indeed their chances of greater taxes are excellent.

But already these groups are, in many States, paying new sales taxes, while, in most States, they, occupying the lower income brackets left relatively alone by the federal government, pay a large chunk of the second income tax — which Britons do not have to meet. And a real danger may lie in the fact that too many of the taxes on this so-called little man are hidden taxes, extracted both with relative painlessness and without giving him a sense of financial participation in the governments to whose support, all unknowing, he often contributes largely and burdensomely.

Some recent changes have been made, or are in prospect in the lower brackets of the British tax, but the last official comparison of levies of the two countries, made for the United States Treasury Department last year, showed the following differences in the individual income tax of a married man with no dependents (all "earned income"):

<i>Net income</i>	<i>Great Britain</i>	<i>United States</i>
\$ 1,000	\$ 5.63	\$ 0.00
2,500	182.81	0.00
5,000	632.81	80.00
10,000	1,645.31	415.00
20,000	4,754.69	1,589.00
50,000	18,242.19	8,869.00
100,000	45,304.69	30,394.00
200,000	104,929.69	87,019.00
500,000	294,804.69	263,944.00
1,000,000	613,554.69	571,394.00

A similar comparison of estate taxes showed:

<i>Net estate</i>	<i>Great Britain</i>	<i>United States</i>
\$ 50,000	\$ 2,000	\$ 0
100,000	8,000	1,500
200,000	24,000	11,600
500,000	95,000	59,100
1,000,000	240,000	169,100
2,000,000	600,000	461,100
5,000,000	1,900,000	1,692,600
10,000,000	4,500,000	4,387,600
50,000,000	25,000,000	28,386,600
100,000,000	50,000,000	58,386,600

IV

BEYOND FIGURES, comparisons, and statistics, however, lies the more important determination that the hardships of utter poverty in

America shall be alleviated, no matter what the costs may be or how the costs are to be paid. That is a determination slowly arrived at, but in the whole history of America there has been no retreat from any of the gradual steps of that resolve. Over the protests of the well-to-do, who have had to pay for it, America determined upon free public education. Already today, while relief costs remain high, school costs are again rising toward old levels. And, since the public-school doors opened, more and more phases of government have been devoted to softening the gloom of the American lower depths at the taxpayer's expense. Now come relief, rehabilitation, housing, security, extension of public health toward public medicine, and a multitude of other governmental moves to give the poor in America what the economic order, the big, corporate feudal system, and the rich who manage it do not provide.

Or rather it would be truer to say that these rich do not provide these things of their own free will. They will pay the costs. Of that, though they be as angry as they choose, there is no doubt. The one question is (and in this question lies the alternative to the bigger taxes, the choice which the rich may make) whether the rich will pay in a system devised by congressmen or a system devised and directed by business itself. It is no reflection upon congressmen to say that it would be better for America if private wealth should undertake the task short of the tax collector. The congressmen and the President are merely acting in the failure of business to meet the conviction of the people that the deeper cruelties of poverty and insecurity are no longer necessary in the modern American economic system.

Further than that, the conviction grows that such concentrated wealth and such widespread poverty are not possible of long duration in modern economics. Or, to say it another way around, the modern industrial system based upon mass production cannot long continue in operation unless there is beneath it not a mass of men dole-maintained at subsistence levels but a mass of men able to buy, at the pace of modern industry in mass consumption, the goods of a mass-production age. Taxes may pay doles, but doles cannot make wealth from which taxes must come. But there is no source in our order from which wealth can come except from the renewed production and consumption

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of the men and families now living on doles. (The President proposes a relief wage of \$19 a month, or \$228 a year, for unskilled workers in the South. Thus, though he may be soaking the rich, he is not endowing the poor or arming them as consumers.)

Inescapably, nevertheless, these men lost to effective consumption upon an inadequate dole are the potential and essential consumers of America's productive plant. Even in 1929 that plant had an output 19 per cent greater than was realized. The Brookings Institution found that this increased productivity, stated in terms of money, would have approximated \$15,000,000,000, an increase in the national income which would have permitted, for example, enlarging the budgets of 15,000,000 families to the extent of \$1,000 each or, if you prefer, giving \$125 to every man, woman, and child in the country. Obviously such an increase in national income would also have lifted the profits of the owners of private wealth. But all of this is an economic fairy tale in retrospect. Not only was that \$15,000,000,000 not added, but something like \$40,000,000,000 of national income was cut away.

The fact is that, spectacular as has been the spending of some of our gilded ones, the rich are poor spenders so far as our industrial order is concerned. In 1929 it was estimated that the total consumer expenditures of individuals with incomes of more than \$1,000,000 a year amounted to only \$385,800,000, as compared with \$16,822,700,000 by those whose incomes were less than \$1,000 a year. The Brookings Institution recently reported that, though 0.1 per cent of the families at the top of the income scale received practically as much as 42 per cent of the families at the bottom, those with incomes under \$1,500 spent on food, housing, and clothing \$10,900,000,000, as compared with \$3,600,000,000 by those with incomes over \$25,000. Statistics may, as Fiorello LaGuardia has said, testify like alienists — on both sides. But certainly there can be little questioning of the fact that the drop to deeper poverty of those at the base of the income brackets stopped more wheels in factories than the shrinkage in the number of multimillionaires. Their fall to destitution not only cut consumption in industry but created need, even hunger, in men and consequent spending in government — and so caused the costs for which

taxes on the rich in the proposed levies must help to pay.

V

BYOND ANGER, this tax program should bring the rich to thoughtfulness. It would be well for them and for the nation if they considered not only the tax proposals but the report of the NRA Research and Planning Division which was made public in the same month. In it was written in the clearest terms the story of these new taxes.

The report undertook neither to soak nor blame the rich. It merely set forth the finding that corporate-security holders profited most from the boom in the nineteen twenties and suffered least from the depression in the nineteen thirties. From 1925 to 1929, labor income rose 20 per cent, while dividends and interest rose 65 per cent. "But what had gone highest," said the report, "did not come down first." Far otherwise: the labor income began its precipitate decline in 1929 and in 1933 reached a level 65 per cent of that in the years 1923 to 1925. But dividends and interest did not begin to go down until 1930 and in 1933 reached a level still 93 per cent of that 10 years previous.

It would be easy to point to this as evidence of greed. It was instead evidence of a financial system which in the long run threatens wealth as it dispossesses labor. The simple fact is that, if industry fails to pay its interest, it can be thrown into bankruptcy. But business can and did cut wages and fire men and so save for the moment its economic life. Thus wealth was saved for a brief interval from bearing, with labor, a proportionate share of the risks of business ups and downs; for, while labor participated fully in the decline in the national income, those receiving interest and dividends found their incomes not only increasing faster than the national income during the boom but declining less than the national income during the depression.

The story does not end there. The advantage of capital was more temporary than permanent, more apparent than real. When industry, struggling to meet its law-bound interest rate, cut its labor, it actually transferred the maintenance of those men called labor from industry to government and from the ranks of effective consumers to the ranks of public charges living at subsistence levels. Now inevitably, if be-

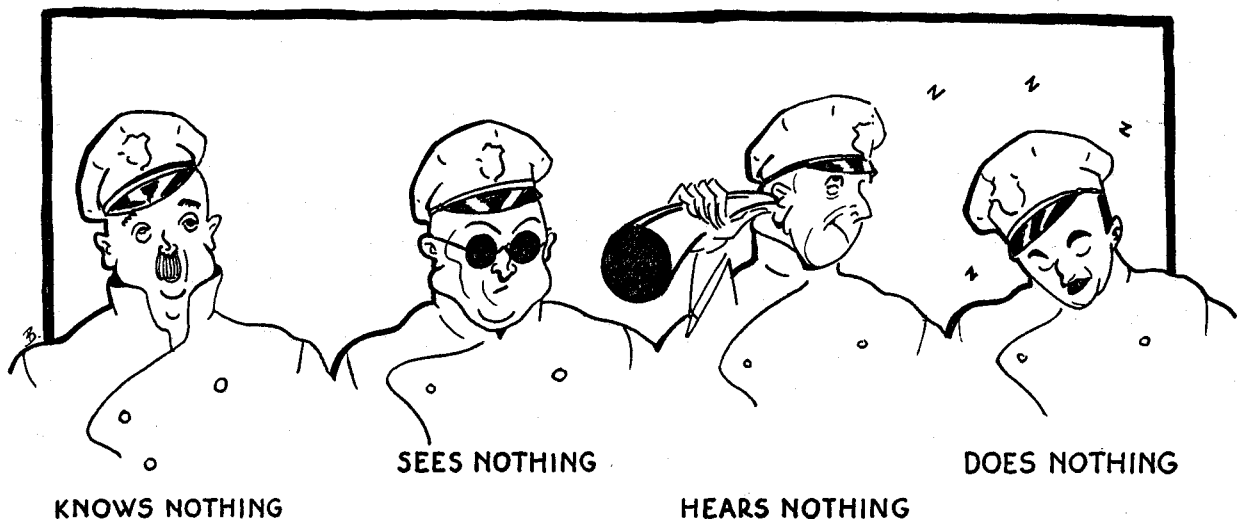
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latedly, industry and wealth come to the costs of men — costs which ultimately, in our times, are as inescapable as the costs of capital. But, since no one dares a relief wage high enough to be an effective consuming wage, wealth and industry, through climbing taxes, must pay to keep men who cannot, at subsistence levels, move industry or create wealth to be taxed.

Wealth is in a box, but Roosevelt did not build it. The managers of business built it, in a probably entirely blameless blindness; the problem remains theirs to find the way out. And, natural as it may be for them to scream, the walls of their box will not fall as Jericho's walls fell, though they march screaming seven times seven times around them. As long as

wealth remains in this box, screaming or silent beyond screaming, taxes are going up. This year, next year, the year after. They are going up every year until the economic leadership of our business system thinks its way to a more just and more generous distribution of wealth under capitalism; to a fairer, more immediate sharing of the risks of business between money and men, which are essential to the life of modern capitalism itself, to such birthday parties as Barbara Hutton may wish to give in Paris, to the decent life of the millions of the submerged, and to a continuation of the patterns of life and of government and of industry as we have known them — and rather liked them — in the past.

Myth of the “G Men”



by **MILTON S. MAYER**

TWO YEARS AGO the federal government had been so thoroughly discredited as a policeman that the repeal of Prohibition might well have been achieved on that ground alone. But, at the very same time that the people were repudiating government police activity on a small scale, Congress was putting the government into the police business on a large scale.

Three arguments were advanced for the passage of the “Lindbergh” laws by the last

Hoover Congress and for the further elaboration of the federal criminal code by the first Roosevelt Congress. The arguments were: 1. Prohibition had developed criminal bands operating on an interstate basis. 2. The automobile and the airplane had given criminals a mobility with which local police could not cope. 3. Local protection and prosecution were incompetent or corrupt or both.

The result of these three alleged conditions

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was, according to the declaration of Roosevelt's attorney general, Mr. Cummings, a national crime wave of unprecedented proportions. During the past 2 years the nation has heard a good deal about this crime wave and about Mr. Cummings' "war" on crime.

As emergency was the apology for all the other reckless federalization that was legalized in 1933, so emergency — in this case Mr. Cummings' crime wave — provided the argument for re-establishing the federal government in the police business. The new laws encumbered the federal criminal code and choked the overcrowded dockets of the federal courts. Not only that; they constituted a direct and foreboding encroachment on the rights of the States. But for 2 reasons this encroachment was universally overlooked. First, the nation was occupied with more pressing matters of constitutionality. Second, the kind of individual who cries "Dictator!" being the same kind of individual who takes up the cry of "Crime wave!" such individuals felt it the better part of constitutionality to withhold their protests.

So a federal police army was set up, as thousands cheered. The Department of Justice's Division (now Bureau) of Investigation was reorganized, its bureaus in the principal cities enlarged, and new bureaus established, while its efforts were encouraged by raising its \$2,880,000 appropriation to \$4,380,000. J. Edgar Hoover, a soft-shoe relic of the A. Mitchell Palmer days, remained in charge. He doubled his 300 special agents (christened presently by newspaper acclaim "G men"), all of them young policemen selected by standards so novel that (as Mr. Hoover cries with pride) 62 per cent have had legal training and 21 per cent are expert accountants.

Far more questionable, it seems to me, than the encroachment on the rights of the States was the assumption of Mr. Cummings and Mr. Hoover and its acceptance by Congress that 600 college boys could go through 6 months of academic training in criminology, pin badges on their chests, pick up their brand-new machine guns, and go out and "crack" the underworld in a city like Chicago.

SYNTHETIC HYSTERIA

ONE DAY IN May, 1934, Mr. Cummings issued a sensational order to the Bureau of Investigation. The order was issued, like Mr.

Cummings' order to prosecute Andrew Mellon and like most of Mr. Cummings' orders, through the newspapers. It rang round the world: "Shoot to kill — then count ten."

What awful offender against the United States was the Bureau of Investigation to kill so summarily? An individual who was alleged to have transported a stolen automobile across a State line, in violation of the Dyer Act. Does the Dyer Act give the United States the right to kill an alleged violator on sight? Not so you can notice it.

Mr. Cummings wasn't noticing it. He was cashing in on the publicity available to anyone who issued any sort of statement in regard to one John Dillinger. At the time Mr. Cummings gave his newspaper order, John Dillinger was a suspect. He was suspected of having broken laws and jails of several States; under the Constitution, that was the worry of the several States. He was also suspected of having violated the Dyer Act, and Mr. Cummings had a warrant out for him, so charging.

In ordering John Dillinger shot on sight, Mr. Cummings was violating not only the rights of the several States to enforce their own laws but the right of a suspected automobile thief not to be shot on sight. But who was to say Mr. Cummings nay? Dillinger's girl friends, perhaps; perhaps his old father, who would not be able to go into vaudeville as the late John Dillinger's father until Johnny was definitely late. Who else? The public?

The public did not care who killed Dillinger or why. The public had been whipped into a vigilante frenzy by Mr. Cummings' alarms on the crime "wave." Was Mr. Cummings violating the Constitution in ordering Dillinger shot on sight? What of it? Wasn't Dillinger Public Enemy Number 1?

The public had indeed gone crime wave with Cummings. Beneath the enthusiasm for the war on crime lay, after 4 years of national panic, the public's desperate need for a bogeyman. This is an old and inveterate failing of society beset by economic straits. In most of present-day Europe, the bogeyman is a political or religious minority; in this country he has taken the form of a moral minority — the criminal. It was not necessary to confect a connection between crime and the depression; sufficient that the nation was ailing, the people insecure, and the criminal, never very popular, at hand.

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Thus the fanatical support of Mr. Cummings' war from the nation at large. But there was another considerable source of applause for the creation of a police army to press that war. This was the shouting patriots, many of them legislators, capitalists, and publishers. The spirit of such influential individuals is loosely called Fascist; simply, it is the spirit that seeks order at the expense of justice. It advocates "treating 'em rough," whether "em" are laborers on strike, communists at talk, or criminals in flight. It embraces the creation of a police army to fight crime, with the general view that police armies may be put to a number of uses.

Actually, there was no crime wave. Repeal had given the organized gangs a body blow. Even during Prohibition there was no crime wave. At the time the Lindbergh-kidnaping frenzy was at its height, the Hoover Committee on Social Trends concluded its study of a 30-year period and reported that it found

no support for the belief that an immense crime wave has engulfed the United States.

But the public was not reading the report of the Committee on Social Trends. It was reading Mr. Cummings in the newspapers. Mr. Cummings was plucking furiously at the most tuneful chord on the public lyre: The crime wave was a kidnaping wave! (Dillinger had not yet been hatched.) The bootlegging gangs had all turned to kidnaping! Cummings was going to put the kidnapers out of business!

The facts are that there was no kidnaping wave, no bootlegging gang had turned to kidnaping, and Cummings has not put the kidnapers out of business.

THE CRIME OF KIDNAPING

KIDNAPING is largely an amateur sport. Unlike bootlegging, it is desperate and dangerous. It attracts two kinds of men: nuts and the kind of person who shoots up banks. It does not attract the kind of man who peddles illicit goods or murders fellow hoodlums for hire under the tolerant eye of both police and public. "Good" criminals, the foundation blocks of the underworld, avoid it because it is a one-shot racket: kidnaping is easier to solve than any other major crime; the life of a kidnaping "gang" has never been shown to be more than one kidnaping.

It is impossible, statistically, to demonstrate

whether or not there was an increase in kidnaping in this country after 1931, the year in which the Police Chief of St. Louis found a total of 285 kidnappings in 500 answers to 900 questionnaires he sent to local police heads. No nationwide record was kept prior to passing of the Lindbergh laws, and, strangely enough, J. Edgar Hoover is unable to furnish the statistics on kidnaping since the crime was placed (for all practical purposes) under federal jurisdiction.

But there were at least 285 kidnappings in 1931; and since Mr. Cummings' kidnaping wave began, in 1932 or 1933, the newspapers, sensitive as they have been to the news value of the crime, have not recorded more than 25 kidnappings. Either the Bureau of Investigation has failed to solve some 250 kidnappings or there was no kidnaping wave. Mr. Cummings can take his choice.

The only bootlegging gang ever brought into court for kidnaping was the Touhys of Chicago. At the height of Mr. Cummings' war, the Touhys were acquitted of the Hamm kidnaping by a federal jury in St. Paul. The most reliable member of Mr. Cummings' own retinue would have told him, had he been asked, that the Touhys were innocent of the Hamm kidnaping. He would have saved Mr. Cummings both his embarrassment at losing the case and his dismay at having put a "ringer" (the witness Bowick, Mr. Cummings) on the witness stand. But Mr. Cummings wasn't asking questions; he was warring on crime.

The government did not capture the Touhys. Like the Dillingers and like most of the government's hares, the Touhys were captured by local police. Following its loss of the Hamm case, the government turned over the Touhys to the State of Illinois, which convicted the gang, after two trials, of kidnaping John (Jake the Barber) Factor. (Those who lived with the Factor case, as I did, still hold the suspicion that Factor, a wealthy "con man" and a fugitive from British justice, was never kidnaped.)

That is the history of the bootlegging gangs in kidnaping and of Mr. Cummings' prosecution of them. The Urschel, Bremer, and Boettcher kidnappings are the government's victories in the war. The Stoll, Robles, and Hamm kidnappings, on which the Bureau of Investigation is known to be working, are unsolved. The McElroy and Lindbergh kidnappings were

MYTH OF THE "G MEN"

solved by local agencies, not by the Bureau.*

If there was no kidnaping wave, and there was none, the Bureau of Investigation can scarcely be indicted for failing to suppress it. But its small success has been costly (both in money and in lives), and it has been made possible only by such sentimental transgressions of the Constitution as the statute providing that a kidnaped person missing 7 days is presumed to have been transported across a State line.

The larger successes of the Bureau of Investigation have been achieved in catching and killing criminals like the Dillingers, Floyd, and the Kansas City "massacre" murderers. For 150 years the local communities in this country have relied on local police forces to cope with such men, whose business is robbery. The irruption of the federal government into this primary field of law enforcement raises the question of the comparative merits of federal and local police as guardians of the peace.

THE COLD SHOULDER

CRIME IS local. Criminals are local. Monstrous rare is the criminal act that is committed in 2 States; kidnaping alone occasionally fits this category. There is no such thing as an interstate criminal, as distinguished from an intrastate criminal. The crossing of a State line by a criminal is almost invariably followed by a recrossing by the same criminal bound for "home" and the trusted haunts of his friends.

Only the local police know the ins and outs of a metropolitan underworld. Only the local police know the haunts of criminals and the friends of criminals. And what the local police know they have learned not in months or in years but in decades and, more often than not, in decades of sociable association with the criminal set. No squad of bright young men can gallop in from Washington and solve crimes of these men alone.

The best of a hundred instances of the B. of I.'s inability to work without local police cooperation was the chase of the Dillinger gang. A succession of failures in this pursuit was climaxed by the escape of the gang from a re-

sort at Spider Lake, Wisconsin, leaving a federal agent dead and 2 bystanders wounded. Had the federals, working in unfamiliar territory, condescended to co-operate with the local police, the wooded resort could have been bottled up; there were only 3 roads of escape, but the "G" men did not know this.

The Spider Lake disaster drenched the Bureau of Investigation with public contumely. The Dillinger gang was gone again. Mr. Cummings did not know whether to order Dillinger shot on sight or to state that he believed Dillinger was dead. So he did both. Then he sailed away to the Philippines.

Three months later Dillinger, who had been in contact with his lawyer all the time, was caught. The record shows that he was apprehended, to put it mildly, by the United States Bureau of Investigation. While the country rang with hosannas for the Bureau, young Mr. Purvis, who supervised the "apprehension" of Public Enemy Number 1, casually mentioned that a couple of East Chicago, Indiana, policemen had been in his office at the time the tip was received, "so we took them along."

Newspapermen who had been working on the case independently of the Cummings-Hoover handouts soon learned the truth. It was the policemen from East Chicago who took the federal agents along; Dillinger was living with an ex-girlie of one of the East Chicago policemen. But Mr. Hoover hung up Dillinger's picture, like a scalp, in the B. of I. offices all over the country and posed for the newspapers with Dillinger's hat, gun, and perhaps an ear.

The refusal of the federal police to co-operate with local officers can be attributed only in part to the Royal Mounted-Lone Ranger mania of the ambitious Attorney General and his ambitious bureau chief. The principal reason is the conviction of Mr. Cummings and Mr. Hoover — a conviction with which their agents have been thoroughly infused — that local police are corrupt. When the B. of I. stages an inept and unsuccessful raid on the apartment of a notorious criminal in Chicago and the criminal walks out the back way, the suggestion that the local police should have been called in to do the job is met with the countersuggestion that if the local police had been called in the criminal would not have been at home when they came to get him.

This suggestion that the locals will tip the

* EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The Weyerhaeuser kidnaping, which occurred after Mr. Mayer had written this, was also investigated by federal agents. The capture of two of the kidnapers (who have already been convicted) was effected by local officers. A third kidnaper is still at large.*

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hand of the federal agents to the hunted men is a mild form of insanity induced by the amateur-detective obsession that everybody is following everybody else. Of course the local police are corrupt in a city like Chicago. The police administration is dictated by the city administration, which takes a formal cut on the profits of gambling, prostitution, and, up until Repeal, bootlegging. These professions flourish year in and year out, administration in and administration out, in almost every city. They are part of the setup, part of the mixed benefits of democracy. But the federal government is not going to improve law enforcement by spurning and antagonizing the local agencies in whose hands law enforcement lies.

The policy of Mr. Cummings in operating the Bureau of Investigation as a secret, independent police force stems, like most of his policies, from political considerations. If it succeeds in purging the nation of crime, the Presidency will be the least the nation can give him, and a set of solid-gold false whiskers will be the smallest tribute the nation can give J. Edgar Hoover. The only obstacle to that heaven on earth is that the policy is hysterical.

Crime has never been scotched by capturing or killing criminals haphazardly. The war on crime is no more furthered by the killing of a Dillinger than by the jailing of a Capone for income-tax evasion. There are a thousand Dillingers who know better than to take up with a policeman's girl friend and a thousand Capones who know better than to write checks. The Bureau of Investigation is designed to prune the criminal tree; the tree goes on flowering.

DOWN TO EARTH

MR. CUMMINGS' war on crime is a more serious menace to the public welfare than its mere uselessness implies. The arrogant operations of the Bureau of Investigation have the effect of stimulating, rather than checking, the breakdown of local police protection. Policemen are notoriously deficient in enthusiasm for the kind of competition to which the federal agents challenge them. Far worse, the sensationalism (see, for example, 4 recent works of art from Hollywood) that has accompanied the few successful efforts of the Bureau of Investigation tends to render communities indifferent to local police conditions. The public inno-

cently concludes that it can depend on the federal police for the protection that the federal police are not able to give it; 600 bright young men, however incorruptible, cannot take the place of the 300,000 cops, however corruptible, who patrol the streets.

Piling one police force on top of another is not the right way to fight crime in the United States. The right way to fight crime is to remove the environment in which crime breeds, a suggestion which has been made by the "impractical theorists" of every age. Pending the arrival of this Utopia, however, there are several "practical" steps yet to be taken. The extension of civil service, which has had some encouragement under President Roosevelt, is one. The admission of honesty to public office, which has had some encouragement during 4 years of depression, is another.

A uniform act for arms registration will not deprive criminals of weapons, as some believe, but it will facilitate the identification and apprehension of criminals; the modest objection to it is that it will interfere with the arms-manufacturing industry. A uniform act for the issuance of fugitive warrants will facilitate the apprehension of criminals who have crossed State lines. A uniform act for the rendition of witnesses from one State to another will facilitate prosecution. Uniform legalization of the common police practice of pursuing fugitives across State lines will deprive criminals of their theoretical advantage in mobility.

The United States is no tight little isle. No Scotland Yard can do the job here. But I think there is, nevertheless, a place in this country for an auxiliary police force, composed primarily of criminologists, or at the very least for a central police bureau for the correlation of local information and local operations. Such a force or such a bureau would raise local police efficiency. Detached from politics, immune to corruption, and confined to an auxiliary status, it would certainly raise local police morals.

There is no lack of offenses over which the States have no jurisdiction. Crimes of violence are not among them. To investigate these offenses and prosecute the offenders Mr. Cummings can use his 600 young lawyers and expert accountants as lawyers and expert accountants; and the cops on the beat can go back to chasing gunmen, a job which they frequently do rather well.

Military Training

A Debate

I—\$10,000,000 Yearly for Antisocial Education

by **EDWIN C. JOHNSON**

Secretary, Committee on Militarism in Education

LIKE WAR, the end toward which it is directed, compulsory military training is today utterly devoid of any convincing justification, whether in our schools and colleges or elsewhere. Such vogue as it may acquire in our time is to be interpreted not as progress toward any intellectually desirable goal but as retrogression toward an earlier state or custom which now appears irrational and possibly pathological.

Nevertheless the generous appropriations of Congress — which on this and related questions is less thoughtful than susceptible to the loud demands of the military cult — have caused the military training of youth in American schools and colleges to become an enterprise of large proportions. Before the War only 57 institutions were listed as giving military training under War Department aid; today the number approaches 300. In 1913 the War Department had 85 men assigned to duty with school and college military units; in 1933 the number had increased to 1,658.

Federal expenditures for these activities have jumped from a pre-War figure of \$700,000 each year to a sum which today approaches, if it does not exceed, \$10,000,000 annually. Only last fall the United States Supreme Court, in a surprisingly reactionary opinion, declared that the religious-freedom guarantees of the federal Constitution do not extend to religious conscientious objectors to military training, and upheld the right of authorities in tax-supported institutions to deprive such students of their educational privileges if they refrain from enrolling in the R.O.T.C. where that activity is compulsory. To cap all this the War Department now has under way an expansion program by which it is proposed to establish a large number of additional R.O.T.C.

units (probably 113) in hitherto untouched schools and colleges.

That the requirements of "adequate national defense" are peculiarly well served by school and college military training, the military-training advocates tell us. These claims of military necessity and utility, however, are composed chiefly of the substance of myth and fiction in the minds of sentimental and unrealistic militarists. A training composed largely of the manual of arms and mass, parade-ground formations may have been of significant military utility back in the days when defense of the frontier against disorganized Indians was the chief military problem facing the United States; but no one with a normal imagination can fail to comprehend that the industrial revolution and its bad-boy child, mechanized warfare, have caused to emerge certain discrediting implications for orthodox military training.

Cavalry, of course, is done for. Yet its passing is evidently not admitted by the R.O.T.C., for no less than 2,042 horses and 6 mules are now on duty with R.O.T.C. units in 26 different colleges and universities. The University of Illinois, for instance, has 136 horses on duty with its R.O.T.C.; Ohio State University has 119; while Princeton, Leland Stanford, and Oregon State each has 90.

The usefulness of infantry in modern war is being held in suspect, too. Well-disciplined masses of troops, far from being invincible forces of attack, constitute generous and vulnerable targets for enemy machine guns and gas. Against such offensive weapons there is only one way of escape or protection for infantry — to dig into the ground. Such trench warfare results in the tragic spectacle of prolonged deadlock which yields no military deci-

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sions commensurate with the human and material energy expended. Prolonged military stalemate simply enhances opportunity for the application of mutual mass murder. This bitter lesson, more than any other, the World War taught. Today with the nations engaged in a new armaments race, in which competition in military aviation is more frantic than in any other field, the foot soldier in future warfare seems destined for more complete eclipse than ever before. In his great book, *They That Take the Sword*, Sir Esme Wingfield-Stratford refers to

millions of infantry soldiers . . . being conscripted and drilled with no other prospect than that of being massacred.

He adds:

Under modern conditions, the parade-ground work and close-order drill that is imposed even on airmen has little more relevance to war than the strutting of geese.

II

BUT THE R.O.T.C. has other claims for justifying itself, which its friends use except when they argue that it is vital to adequate national defense. Military training, contrary to firsthand impressions, is not, it is contended, a soldier-preparing device; it is a technique for building manhood; it does, in other words, what schools and colleges are supposed but fail to do.

Very often it is claimed that military training is good physical exercise. A doctoral investigation conducted by Willard Nash of Columbia University revealed that the R.O.T.C. in land-grant colleges is more often justified in terms of physical-training objectives than in terms of its military purposes as prescribed in the National Defense Act. Without pressing the suggestion that this misrepresentation might point to a misappropriation of funds or another form of legal lawlessness on the part of land-grant colleges and the War Department, it must be insisted that the physical-training claims made on behalf of military training constitute a travesty upon everything the professional physical educator believes in and works toward.

It is a form of intellectual dishonesty to call a period of military training once a week a substitute for physical education,

says Dr. Dean F. Smiley of Cornell University.

And it was not a notorious pacifist but one of the foremost physical educators in America, Dr. Jesse F. Williams of Columbia University, who declared in the report of the recent Fort Worth (Texas) School Survey:

Without reservations of any kind whatsoever it can be stated as the judgment of the profession [of physical education] that military drill is not only worthless as a developmental activity for young boys but also often positively harmful.

In addition to the falsehood that military training is a sound substitute for physical training, its advocates are prone to advance two other educational claims: first, that military training is a schooling in whatever makes a gentleman, that it disciplines the young and results in a rare repertoire of desirable character traits; second, that it is a front-line defense against radicalism, particularly pacifism, socialism, and communism, among the young.

Of course our foremost educational philosophers and character-training experts — including Coe, Counts, Cox, Dewey, Kilpatrick, Lindeman, May, Meiklejohn, Neibuhr, and Overstreet — uniformly deny the first claim as a form of unwarranted ballyhooing on behalf of a wholly fallacious get-good-quick scheme. In fact, every impartial study of compulsory military training has resulted in findings adverse to it.

The regimentation of military training may make for reflexive, but hardly reflective, behavior. After all, the autocratic application of external military authority, even though it may convey the impression of order and discipline in a given school or college community, can never substitute for the sense of responsibility and discipline of inner self-control which flower best only when motivated by the consent and interested volition of the individual student.

Indeed, there is some significant evidence and much logical ground upon which to charge that the rigid application of external restraint results in abnormal lawlessness when the authority is removed. The recklessness of soldiers and sailors when on leave, the breakdown of normal community standards under the impact of even a temporary military encampment, the increase of crime which customarily follows war — these things are commonplace observations.

In 1928 the Virginia School Survey, conducted under the direction of the late Dr. M. V. O'Shea, recommended that the State dis-

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continue appropriating funds for the Virginia Military Institute. Why? Let the survey report tell its own story:

During the progress of the survey, evidence was derived by the Survey Staff which further convinced them of the fact that the Virginia Military Institute is not well adapted to the conditions and needs in Virginia at the present time. A number of cadets were dismissed from the Institute for brutal hazing, whereupon the entire student body, except one member, struck in protest against authority. Such a proceeding in a military institution should be convincing evidence to the Virginia people that the claim that the Virginia Military Institute trains men in obedience and respect for authority more fully than other institutions is unfounded. The staff made inquiry of the officers of other State-supported higher institutions, and they were unable to learn that brutal hazing is practiced in any of these institutions or that the student bodies have at any time struck in defiance of authority. . . . It seems conclusive that the State should no longer appropriate funds for the Virginia Military Institute.

III

RADICALISM may or may not thrive among our youth; but, if and when it does, it will do so because of conditions and causes which will either operate in defiance of the R.O.T.C., or be furthered by it. To defend military training as an antidote to student radicalism is not so much the advocacy of a valid argument as it is a revelation of the potential reactionism and militaristic Fascism of those making the argument. Behind their irrational fear of radicalism is an undemocratic, utterly un-American intolerance of all minorities generally.

This charge is not mere theorizing, for R.O.T.C. students at the College of the City of New York, Michigan State College, the University of California, and several other institutions have lent themselves to the organization of vigilante groups for the purpose of using "controlled force" against undergraduate pacifists, socialists, and communists. To these budding superpatriots the Bill of Rights is presumably but a scrap of paper. There is no room for difference of opinion in an army, and it is humbuggery of the tallest sort to believe that men trained in accordance with strict dogmatism will by some magic transmit to their students a rugged yet sensitive regard for the ways of democracy.

More ominous by far than the irresponsible rowdiness which so often characterizes R.O.T.C. cadets is the fact that the germ of Fascist

militarism has infected educational authorities in many places. How else can it be explained that students opposed to military training on grounds of religious conviction have been suspended and denied their educational rights by such tax-supported institutions as Council Bluffs (Iowa) High School, the University of Maryland, the University of California, Ohio State University, the University of Missouri, Kansas State College, and the University of West Virginia? How else can we interpret the action of the Board of Trustees of Connecticut State College? Only last April these worthies declared that

any formal public agitations or formal public discussions on the campus promoted by individuals on the college staff or individual students, which reflect upon the college military instruction or training [which is compulsory], will subject such individuals to cause for removal.

But the most impressive argument against compulsory military training is not that it fails to train useful soldiers nor that its educational claims are false. The most damning indictment against it is that the weight of its influence is thrown on the wrong side of the greatest social issue facing our age — the struggle against war. To this struggle the R.O.T.C. and similar military-training units bring not one iota of intelligent assistance. The supreme tragedy is that these devices bring to our war-breeding culture, bad enough to begin with, a systematic perversion in the interests of the very military traditions, practices, and institutions of which the nations must divest themselves if catastrophe is to be averted. If it would aid the high purpose of ridding the world of war, our government should lose no time in abolishing the last vestige of military training in our schools and colleges.

From the standpoint of social utility, our government would do better to spend the R.O.T.C.'s annual \$10,000,000 for the maintenance of a nationwide program of realistic peace education. By outlining courses built on the work of Devere Allen, Norman Angell, Richard Gregg, John Haynes Holmes, Kirby Page, and other leaders in the antiwar movement and by subsidizing 1,658 teachers instead of soldiers to give their full time to these courses in those 300 school and college communities, a gigantic influence for peace could be wielded upon the mind of America.

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The Ancient Way

*"Accept, O God," said Abraham,
"My son instead of ram or lamb.
At Thy command I've brought my knife
To sacrifice young Isaac's life."
God smiled. "'Tis well, good Abraham!
But this time I will take the ram."*

*In many a kindlier era since,
This tale has made boys' fathers wince. . . .
Yet when the God of War feels gory,
Even today, do fathers falter?
No — like old Abraham in the story
They lay their sons upon the altar.*

Clarence Day

II—Of What Use Is a Defenseless America?

by RALPH C. BISHOP

Secretary, Civilian Military Education Fund

MR. JOHNSON's opening statement that required courses in military training are directed to the end of war is historically inaccurate. Such courses have been given in our land-grant colleges since 1862, and no authority has yet charged that they have had any bearing on the promotion or instigation of war. Whether voluntary or required, they are directed toward bringing about a speedy and favorable termination of war if it should come upon us. The duty of national defense still remains a constitutional one which citizens must perform. The general state of world affairs today gives no sound grounds for believing that a level of civilization has been reached which would permit us in safety to follow China's pacifistic example or to subscribe to the Soviet "peace" program — which certain antimilitary-training societies advocate — unless we are willing to maintain a regular army of 940,000 men, with compulsory military training for all students in all schools and colleges, as is the case today in Russia.

And, if the R.O.T.C.'s intellectual foundations are completely shattered, as Mr. Johnson would have the reader believe, how is one to account for the academic recognition granted the Military Department by 122 institutions of senior grade? How can this statement be reconciled, for instance, with the *status quo* at Princeton or Harvard, which permit student selection of military training with full academic credit?

In the first of his 6 principal charges Mr. Johnson demolishes to his own satisfaction the theory "that the requirements of 'adequate national defense' are peculiarly well served by school and college military training." He argues that the training consists largely of the manual of arms, which leads us honestly to question his factual knowledge of the subject. Suffice it to say that, even in the basic course, where most of the so-called drill is given, the schedule comprises 9 separate subjects totaling 96 hours per year, of which only 40 hours are devoted to actual field exercises and the tactical handling of troops. Such close-order formations

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as are given are necessary for insuring discipline and control.

Space does not permit a digression into the future usefulness of cavalry or infantry other than to observe that, with full appreciation of the role of aviation, the enemy's armed forces on the ground must still be defeated in order to win. The weapons, tactics, and organization of the cavalry and infantry have undergone considerable change since the World War. Instructors fresh from the army schools keep the R.O.T.C. abreast of these changes. The R.O.T.C. units are equipped, too, with modern automatic rifles, machine guns, etc.

Lest the reader gain the impression, which Mr. Johnson aims to convey, that the 2,042 horses assigned the R.O.T.C. are fine, sleek cavalry mounts, let it be recorded that most of them are of ripe old age, graduates of the army, and that 1,428 are assigned to the 19 field-artillery units. There are but 11 cavalry units among the 228 R.O.T.C. units, 6 of these being at the essentially military schools and colleges. There are no cavalry units at Ohio State University, Princeton, Leland Stanford, or Oregon State, as inferred by Mr. Johnson.

The real proof of the pudding lies in the 78,137 R.O.T.C. graduates, who today practically constitute the Officers' Reserve Corps. Combined with the great number of basic-course graduates, all of potential value as noncommissioned officers, we have a reservoir of partially trained man power that meets an essential requirement of a genuine citizen army. "Myth and fiction!" cries Mr. Johnson, but the concentrated and sustained attack on the R.O.T.C. by pacifistic and communistic groups belie his words. Incidentally, the U. S. Marine Corps, hardly composed of "sentimental and unrealistic militarists," is offering 100 permanent commissions this summer to selected R.O.T.C. graduates of the current class.

II

IT IS ARGUED that the R.O.T.C. does not offer good physical training. A Columbia professor is quoted to the effect that military drill is not only worthless but often positively harmful.

No one denies that the R.O.T.C.'s objective is other than military education. However, there are certain educational by-products

incident to the course, among which, according to those who have taken it, is physical improvement. There is no conflict between the military and physical departments because of this recognition — no attempt to supplant the one by the other. Yet, since the point is so vigorously raised, let us quote President Kent of New Mexico State College, who says:

I know those who are opposed to military training insist that physical education will do the same thing. I was trained in a normal school and took a great deal of physical education. I know it will not do the same thing for the student. There is not the exactness, the accuracy, the careful timing, the variety of work, the necessity for co-ordination, etc., in the ordinary class in physical education.

The development of proper posture (which in turn breeds confidence and self-respect) is a physical by-product. Said the late Dr. Henry Suzzello, then Chairman of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching:

I don't believe I ever stood up straight in my life until I took military training. It was military training and athletic training which first developed my sense of the importance of human co-ordination and co-operation, of getting big things done by team play. These are only a few of the great character lessons which may be garnered from the Military Department. I speak somewhat passionately because I know from personal experience what 2 years of elementary military training and 2 years beyond that can do for you.

Mr. Johnson would have the reader believe that the 3-hour-per-week required course is so intense from a disciplinary standpoint that when removed it often results in "irresponsible rowdyism." This statement will indeed bring smiles from college students whose chief criticism is that R.O.T.C. discipline is not sufficiently strict. However, the discipline is strong enough to develop courtesy, teamwork, respect for organization and authority, a recognition of the duties of citizenship.

Of one of these qualities, George D. Strayer of Columbia University, Director of the 1932 Survey of the Schools of Chicago, says in his report:

Training in courtesy must have a vehicle through which it works. This is the great advantage of the military organization. There are rules, there are procedures, there is an organization, and the whole is genuine. The school without a military unit has no available machinery by means of which the hopes of the principal for fine personal qualities in his pupils can be effectively realized.

In these days, when discipline is largely

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neglected in the home and from the elementary grades up in the schools, R.O.T.C. training exerts a stabilizing influence on young men at a time when it is most productive of good. Moreover, it brings rich and poor together on an equal basis, molds college spirit, and enhances the disciplinary tone of institutions. A row of college professors is brought forth — all well-known opponents of the R.O.T.C. — to brand these claims as “unwarranted ballyhooing,” but facts speak for themselves.

III

MR. JOHNSON is quite indignant over student opposition to campus radicals, to which he asserts R.O.T.C. students have lent themselves. At one of the 3 institutions named, a group of self-called antimilitarists mobbed their own college president; another hurled insults at the American uniform. At Minnesota this spring, Student Pepinsky, local agent of the National Students' League, aided by his Comrades Gottlieb, Lehtin, Loevinger, and Rarig, succeeded in creating a turmoil so antagonistic to the orderly processes of the University that loyal American students might well have been excused for taking forcible measures, which, to their credit, they did not do.

The plain truth is that the leadership of the group opposing the R.O.T.C. has been taken out of the hands of the simon-pure pacifists and is now controlled and directed from communist headquarters in Union Square, New York City. Class war and the overthrow of the existing form of American government are the acknowledged objectives. The abolition of the R.O.T.C. is but a necessary step in that direction. Well-organized and financed, these organizations send their agents from college to college stirring up trouble and preaching sedition.

Mr. Johnson fears that the germ of “Fascist militarism” has infected educational authorities, resulting in the suspension of certain students refusing the military course on grounds of religious conviction, whereas, in fact, the authorities have been most liberal in their exemption of genuine religious objectors, but not on constitutional grounds.

In the University of Maryland case, which Mr. Johnson's organization promoted and to which he alludes, a public letter was inserted in the *Baltimore Sun*, advising Maryland students

who wished to be exempted to write its office for advice on the best procedure to use. Ennis Coale, a prospective student, saw this letter, and correspondence ensued. Upon matriculation, he demanded an unqualified exemption or refusal, accompanied in the latter case by suspension, in order that litigation might ensue.

The Court of Appeals of Maryland, in unanimously deciding against Coale, said:

The question arises: was not he much less influenced by conscientious religious scruples than by a disposition to join the society mentioned, to defeat the government in an attempt to be ready for war, if forced upon the country, by providing military training in some or all of the federally aided educational institutions? The Court, we think, would be going very far, should it encourage this or like societies or persons with similar views, in their interference with the constituted authorities in the management and control of colleges and universities when acting upon authority duly and lawfully conferred upon them.

Mr. Johnson's concluding opinion, that “the most damning indictment” of the R.O.T.C. “is that the weight of its influence is thrown on the wrong side of the struggle against war,” is neither logical nor convincing. The statement presupposes that the training develops militaristic tendencies, an implication which 93.6 per cent of 9,636 R.O.T.C. graduates denied in a recent U. S. Office of Education survey. Upon inquiry, the R.O.T.C. student will be found to be ardently opposed to war and in favor of any practical plan for promoting world peace. He has a good selfish reason, if no other, for he knows he will be the first to go. He thinks in terms of security, and has yet to be convinced that peace pacts or our disarmament alone will provide it. He knows that the United States today ranks 19th among the military powers in the size of its organized military force (active and reserve).

The whole question boils down to whether this is the opportune time for discarding one of our inexpensive and effective safeguards. Would the abolition of the R.O.T.C. from a handful of colleges have any practical peace value? Would it not render us that much less prepared against nations which may prove to be other than peaceful? Will Mars make a speedy retreat into the limbo by reason of a defenseless America? The spectacle of China does not point to that conclusion.

Mr. Johnson has his own solution. He would subsidize college professors to the extent of the

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R.O.T.C. appropriation (\$3,314,346 — not the \$10,000,000 which he so glibly assumes) to propagandize for peace. The professors would give courses prepared by such “leaders” as John Haynes Holmes and Kirby Page. Is the former not the same gentleman who on May 18, 1935, surrounded by red banners in Union Square, extolled the glories of a convict’s stripe over a soldier’s uniform, in time of war?

Did not the crowd about him chant at his request, what he called a litany?

If war comes, I will not be conscripted.
If war comes, I will do nothing to support it.
If war comes, I will do everything to oppose it.
So help me God!

No, Mr. Johnson, the American people will not follow John Haynes Holmes or subsidize the professors.

Quiet Banners

A Short Story

by HAROLD GOLDMAN

THE NAVE OF THE little church of Notre Dame in Avignon was depressingly dark to David, entering into the cool, dry gloom from the iridescent brightness of the street. He should have been used to this by now. Always that same sense of climatic change, the feeling of a difference in latitude between the spilling sunshine of outdoors and the translucent dark of the Romanesque interiors.

He took out his notebook, knowing what he was to sketch even before he had seen it. That bit of vaulting at the entrance to the choir. He knew it by heart, had studied it years ago from soulless, arid plates at college. He would have to wait until his eyes could pierce this enveloping obscurity. He walked slowly down the aisle and stood under the lantern.

It was curious, this sense of having seen it all before. It was like something revisited, and yet he never became wholly used to the actual verification of what he knew to exist. He seemed to be checking up on the measured drawings like a detective authenticating a bit of evidence.

Yes, they were right. It was all there. Measured drawings can do no wrong. They anatomize beauty until all but beauty remains.

He had been through six months of this now.

He had worked hard, constantly and intensely. This was what he had been promising himself for the past five years: to see the things he knew, to record the forms he loved, to sense the magic of the third dimension. His response to the sublimity of medieval architecture was as automatic, as uncontrollable as the gradual accommodation of his pupils to the ever-lifting gloom of the interior. Now he could see quite clearly. He took out his pencil and turned to a blank page.

There was a slight sound near him. He started. He thought he had been alone. With definite distaste, he looked toward the figure of a girl he had not noticed before.

She was coming from a chapel at the right of the nave that contained a Madonna by Pradier. He knew it was there. He knew the church and all it contained. He would look at it later. Mechanically, he classified her: tourist — she had been in the only chapel of interest to sightseers and besides she was carrying a guidebook; American or English — he saw the words *Baedeker’s Southern France*; nuisance — because he could work better when he was alone.

She passed him and sat on a bench near the opposite chapel and facing him. She was resting and seemed unaware of David and his note-

book. Some of them have a little decency, he thought, and went on with his work.

As his eyes traveled from the vaulting to his sketchbook, the details of her person seemed in some way to be registering on his mind, although he was not aware of glancing at her directly at any time. It was like the after-image of some bright object one has not seen, staying stubbornly on the retina, photographed there, through some physiological irony, by the very fact of its never having been focused into clear vision. And he was reminded of something, someone that he could not quite place — someone he knew; no, a character in a book. That was it. Somewhere in *Jean Christophe* there was a figure like that. It was listless, tired, graceful, seductive, a little shabby. Sabine, the girl who lived next door to Jean when he was a lad — Sabine, the girl whom Jean forgot but David would remember forever. How was it that, from Rolland's description of her in words that were all faintly derogatory, so poignant a picture could emerge — the portrait of a woman utterly, mystically desirable?

Now it was difficult for him to concentrate his attention on the study. The vaulting had somehow become less important to him. He found himself hurrying it along for no reason at all. No reason? Yes. He wanted to finish before she would be going away, so that he might talk to her casually, as part of his leisure after the sketch was completed. If he interrupted himself now, it would seem as if this stranger, this person whose reality was but the reflection of a blurred unreality, had minimized his devotion to the French Romanesque. He grinned a little at this. Like cheating at solitaire, he thought. Rushing a drawing to keep the record clean. To prove how primarily important it is, you rush it and you ruin it.

He thought it strange to feel like this. He had had his fill of tourist company. Sometimes out of his need for words, for companionship, for the sound of English he had struck up conversations with his fellow travelers. Each time he had regretted it. The need seemed to vanish with the first sentences. He would curse himself for an ass. Better bore yourself than let others do it. Never again. And here he was, killing a drawing for the same inevitable disillusionment. He'd stop and have it over with. Then he'd be able to work. He stuffed his notebook in his pocket and walked over to her.

Funny, what Europe does to a man's inhibitions. At home he couldn't have talked to a girl he didn't know. He wasn't afraid exactly — it just wasn't in his style. He was too keenly aware of the imposition in thrusting oneself upon someone, in forcing an acquaintance. But here? Why the terms of the problem were completely transposed. Here it was only a matter of whether he wanted to bother about it or not.

"Beautiful old place, isn't it?" he said.

Her start of surprise was genuine, and for a moment he had back his old feeling of diffidence. He almost mumbled an apology, but she was speaking:

"I never get over the shock of hearing English when I don't expect it. I had no idea you were an American."

"What did I look like?" he asked.

"I couldn't tell," she said. "A face only starts getting human when words come out — if they're in the right language."

He laughed. He had had the same experience. It was strange how one's mother tongue produced a swift orientation against which faces fell into line and could be evaluated.

"I didn't have to wonder about you," he said.

"Am I as typical as all that? Oh dear!"

"Not at all. You could be almost anything. But the Baedeker gave me reason to hope."

"I didn't think you even noticed me," she said. "You kept looking up in the air so much, I thought you were drawing God, for a moment."

"No," David said. "Just a little birth pang of the Gothic."

He looked up at the groined intersection.

"That's what started the whole thing. Without that you wouldn't have had Chartres or Amiens."

"Or the Woolworth Building."

David said, "I'm sorry. I get so interested I forget that other people —"

"Forgive me. I didn't mean to be facetious. I just wanted to show you I knew the style of the Woolworth Building."

"That's more than I do," David said, "and I'm an architect."

She got to her feet and gathered together her gloves, book, and sunshade.

"Please don't go," said David, not believing he was saying it.

QUIET BANNERS

"I've got to get back to the hotel for lunch. I'm on one of those *complet* arrangements."

"Have it with me," David said. "Let the hotel have its déjeuner all by itself. I'm much lonelier than the hotel — and I know a charming place."

Once again that strange lift in his heart, as they crossed into the sunlight of the street. He led her down the sloping square behind the Palais des Papes until they came to a little sidewalk restaurant half screened from the street by vined trellises.

"How long are you staying?" asked David.

"Only till this evening," she said. "Carcassonne next stop."

David experienced that queer threshold feeling of lowered animation. He tried to blame it on the light, but the sun was as insolent as ever.

"Look here, let's get a car and ride through Provence this afternoon. There's Tarascon and St.-Rémy and loads of beautiful places I missed on the way up. It's the only way you'll ever get to see them."

"It's beyond my budget," she said. "I'd want to share. This isn't America, you know."

David leaned toward her. "I was going to do it anyway — honestly," he said. "Won't you be my guest?"

She looked up at him and said simply, "Yes, I think I'd like that very much."

David thought the sun was going in for sheer exhibitionism in the matter of brilliancy.

II

DAVID SAT BACK in the car and watched her profile against the rolling Provence countryside. It was perhaps the first time he had looked at her with the thought of what she was, what she might be. He had accepted her rather easily, as one who appeased his suppressed need for companionship. Her uniqueness lay entirely in the fact that this contact differed from the others he had been compelled, out of his loneliness, to make. But now he realized that her quality was distinct by intrinsic right.

He knew that he was self-centered to the degree of considering others only in their effect upon the pattern of his life. Their individual cycles were of no moment to him, except as proximity caused what astronomers called

"perturbations" in his orbit. His work and interests were aesthetic, architectural, not social, and he resented the instinct for human contact that had been instilled in him through thousands of gregarious generations.

He tried to analyze what it was that had drawn him out of this unvain but constant preoccupation with his own program.

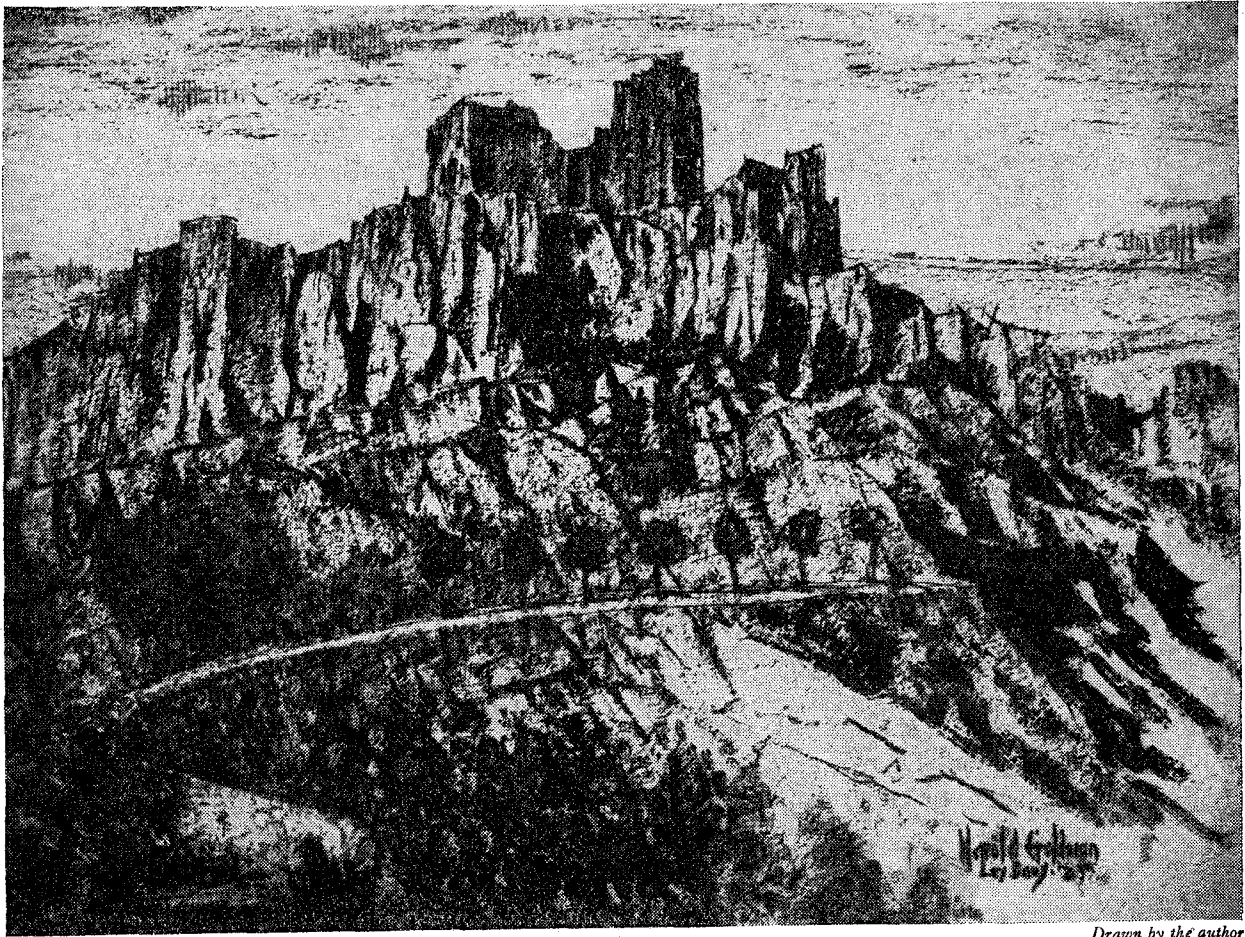
She was not beautiful, although one might perhaps say that there was beauty about her. She had given little to enable him to judge the qualities of her mind, even if he had been interested to that extent. As a matter of fact, she hadn't had a chance to, he admitted to himself. He had done all the talking.

They had been to Arles, and he had almost pranced through the cloisters of St.-Trophime, touching the columns and capitals, pointing out all the things that fascinated him in this curious mélange of the Romanesque and the Gothic. She had listened quietly, easily, apparently under no compulsion to contribute something from her side — something that had nothing to do with his craft, to show that she was a little more than merely an audience. But he knew she must have been sensitive to the things that stirred him, for he would have felt her disinterest quickly enough and fallen silent.

As they drove toward Tarascon, he saw her eyes rest on the even ranks of cypress, set shoulder to shoulder to shield the pastures from the mistral which would be sweeping up from the south in a few weeks; she would turn and look back on the groves of gnarled olive trees, dusty green-blue in their foliage and linked together by vines at their base; but she gave no easy word of comment about them. It was he who talked of how this differed from the Italian campagna, of what colors you'd have to mix to get that cloudy-silver sheen of the olive trees, of the vista through the hills that he remembered from a painting of Cézanne's.

What was it then that had caught him out of her silence? Why was he so conscious of his hand having touched her sleeve, of the warmth of her shoulder when the car slanted him near her for a moment, of the languid ease of her body?

Oh, he knew the answer, but it was the wrong answer. Because, if that was it, why had he dropped the others so suddenly? He had been alone for long months. He recognized



Drawn by the author

An unimaginable silhouette of massed, purple rock.

the fundamental need that had so often distracted him from his main purpose. Social impulse? Well, that was a nice way of putting it, if you went in for euphemisms. He knew all about that. The trouble was it didn't explain anything. If it were as fundamental as that, why had he been dismayed so frequently, after the first three sentences?

It was his taste, of course. He resented the inferior — in people, in ideas, in architecture. He had let his taste get in the way.

Taste get in the way of a primitive impulse? That didn't make sense either.

No, there was something there in the girl beside him that had little to do with superiority or inferiority. They became mere words, in relation to her — words that were anachronistic, representative of something he felt yesterday but not today, perhaps would not ever again. He kept likening her to diverse things: the arcade of Brunelleschi's *orspedale* in Florence, the sculptured panels of the *Creation* in Orvieto, a figure by Cimabue, and always Sabine — drowsy, fragrant, remote Sabine.

What had all these things in common with her, to be called to his memory by her nearness?

And then he knew. It was simplicity. She was content to be as she was, neither more nor less. In her there was no strain toward someone else's preconception of what she should be. The very revelation of herself consisted in neither revealing nor hiding the languorous quiet of her spirit. That was the essence of her — an unself-consciousness so casual and so innate that it informed every movement of her body, every fleeting expression of her face. Cimabue must have known a woman like that.

III

THE CAR HAD slowed down. It was late in the afternoon now, and the driver had been told to get back to her hotel as quickly as possible, for she had to pack and be at the *gare* by six, to make the last train for Carcassonne. They were still far from Avignon.

David put his hand on her arm. "Look," he said.

The chauffeur was leaning toward them, his

QUIET BANNERS

arm thrown across the back of the seat. His face shone with native pride.

"Ca, c'est Les Baux," he said.

Far off, against the sky of yellow silver, bulked an unimaginable silhouette of massed, purple rock.

The scale was that of nature, but the forms seemed to have been created by colossal human implements. Heroic chisels must have hewn those towers and battlements, those truncated pylons of raw rock, for here was no labored design in patient, jointed masonry. These were the castles of Guillaume des Baux, gouged out of an orange-creviced, purple mountain of stone, far back in the twelfth century. Time had eroded the sharp-sculptured profiles and blunted the jagged contours left by the wars of Louis XI and Richelieu, until there was hardly a thread to divide man's destruction from nature's — nature's creation from man's.

This the chauffeur told them, — and of the little village hugging the foot of the castles, living in the thinning shadow of what was the most powerful barony in Provence, eight hundred years ago. Yes, people still lived there. Fewer each year, of course. They were dwindling out. They had given ten men to the war. Ten men! Now there were but fifty left.

There was an inn. One could have tea. They would never regret it. He looked at them pleadingly. Les Baux was a place to see.

David turned to her.

"I could take the morning train," she said.

David almost pressed her arm but clutched his own instead.

"Les Baux," he said to the driver.

IV

THE BRIGHT, BLACK eyes of Eulalie twinkled among the fine wrinkles of her yellow skin.

"Then Monsieur and Madame will be back in the morning?"

They had had tea and climbed up to the castles, now reflecting the dying sun. They had walked through the little town — it had but one street — and David had seen a house with a sign saying À LOUER.

"I'm going to take it," David had said. "I want to live here for a while," and now he had concluded a month's arrangement with the aged Eulalie, who had been left in charge while the present owner, an artist, was in Paris.

"No," David said. "I shall be here — without Mademoiselle."

Now Eulalie was really distressed. Young people had forgotten how to be happy — particularly Americans. She shrugged. She didn't understand it at all.

David turned to the girl.

"I don't know how to say this," he said. "We found this house together. It's part of this afternoon — of you and me — and part of something that blazed with glory eight centuries ago."

He looked up at the scarred battlements, glowing more strongly than the sky they reflected, trying to absorb and hold the dying warmth of today's sun and yesterday's splendor.

"We should have this together somehow. . . . We should. . . ."

There was a tiny smile in her eyes. She let him go on for a while, hesitating, halting, stumbling.

"You know how I mean this," he was saying. "It sounds like something — something different. It's not. I want you to live here — live here with me — share this house and the days and the sunshine. There's nothing more to it than that. There'd be something immoral about having it alone — without you. It's like walking off with the stakes — quitting when one is a winner. I wish I could make you understand. We'd be sharing Les Baux, don't you see? It's only that. There's nothing. . . ."

She came to the rescue at last, almost as though she feared the next words might be "on my honor as a gentleman."

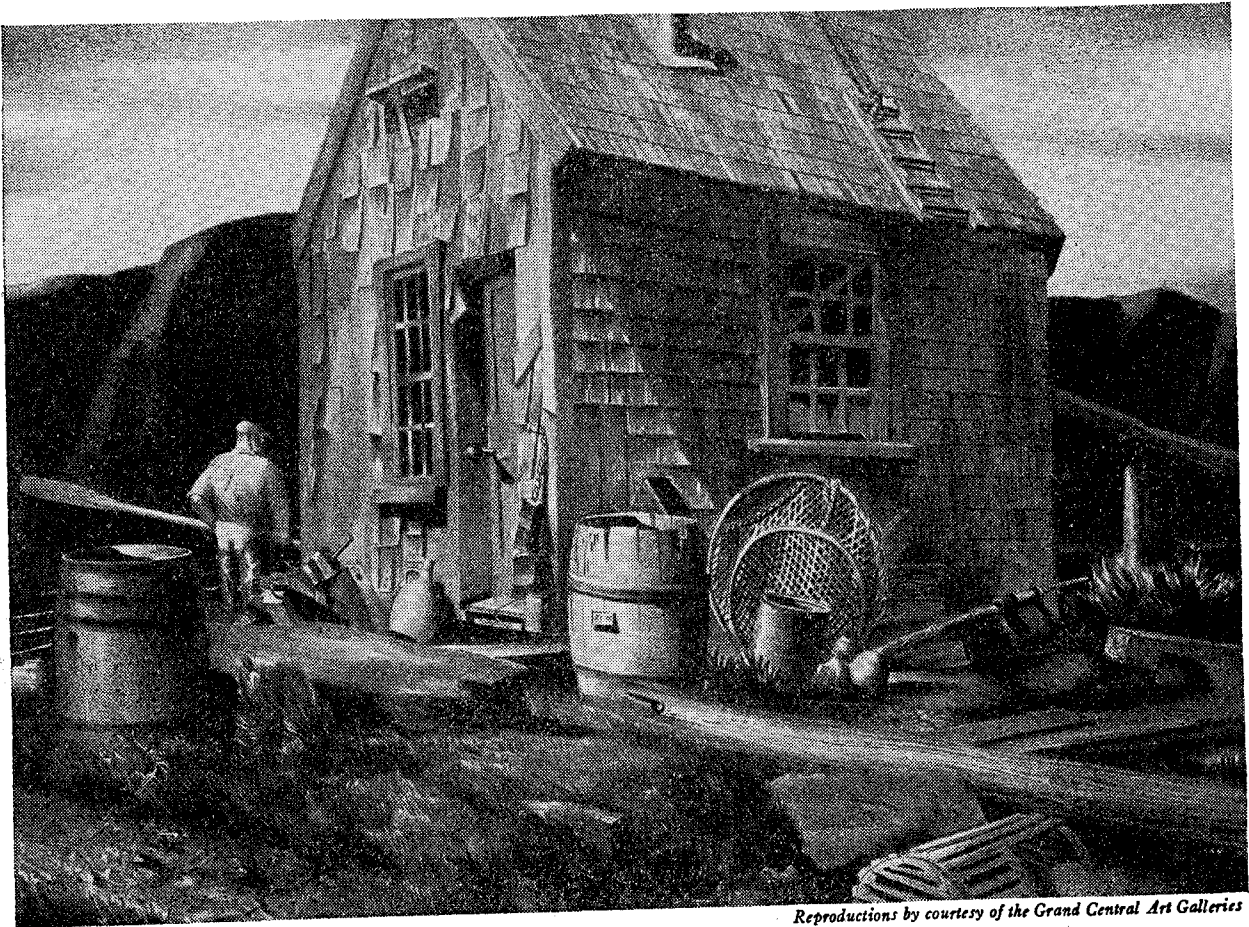
"No," she said. "It's really impossible." She was sailing from Paris in a month, in time for the opening session of the little school in the Middle West where she taught. And there were many places for her to see in the meanwhile. Her itinerary was exacting. Everything was arranged.

Something died within David.

"I'll be here in the morning," he said again to the little black figure of Eulalie, who had understood nothing — and everything. These Americans. . . .

The countryside was pale silver now, as they drove home in the deepening twilight. Once again the car slowed down and came to an imperceptible stop. They were surrounded by a

(Continued on page 190)



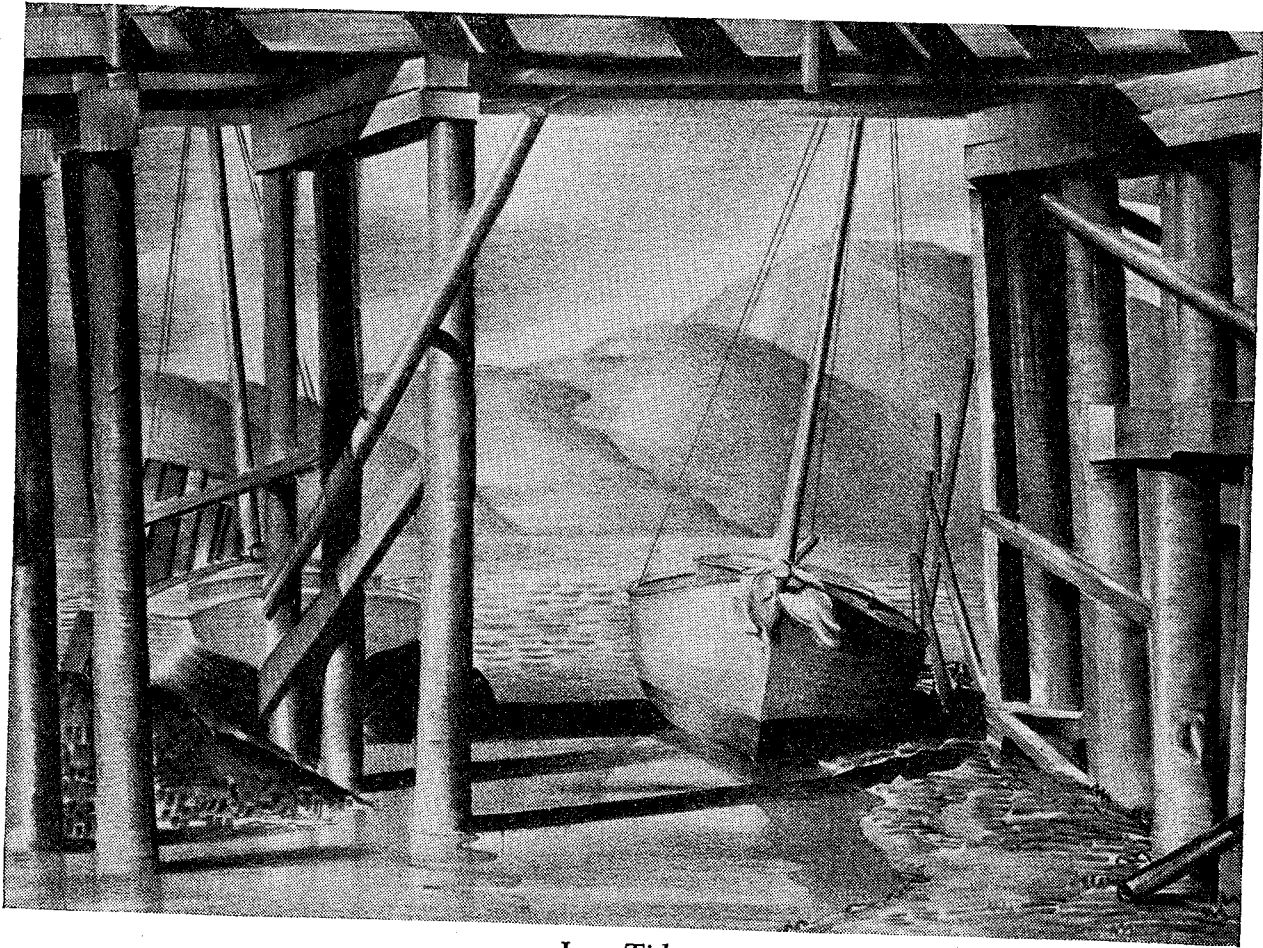
Reproductions by courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries

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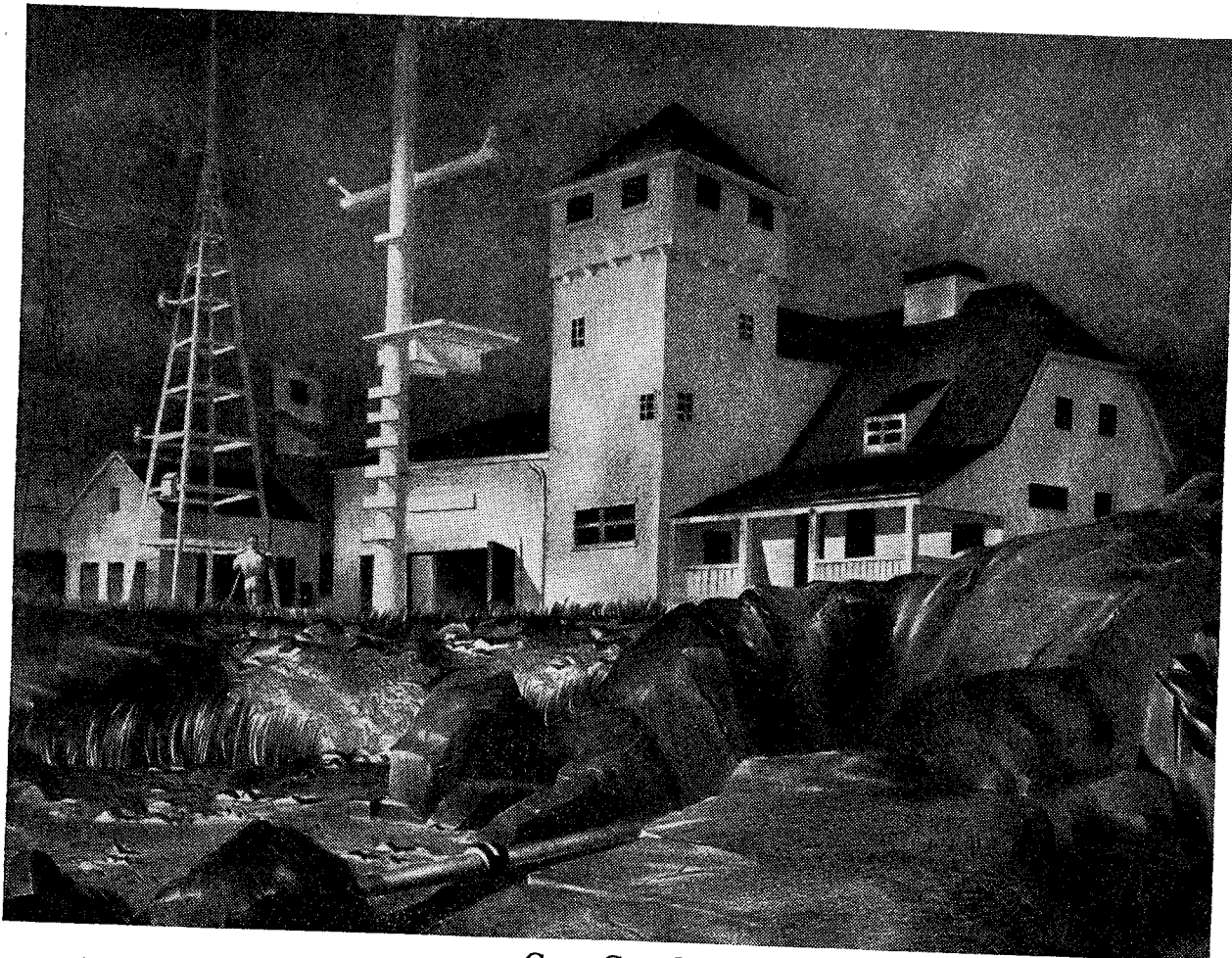
Down East

Three Lithographs

***by* STOW WENGENROTH**



Low Tide



Coast Guard

Dream Factory

by JAMES RORTY

HOLLYWOOD IS organized and capitalized evasion of reality and of the problem of art (which is: to deal with reality and to tell the truth, however abstracted or symbolically.) It is a vast, departmentalized, delicately coordinated dream factory.

The industry is more necessary, hence more stable, than steel or housing or power. True, in the contraction of the economy since 1929, the movie industry also suffered, but less, proportionately, than almost any other major industry except food products. Indeed, the suffering and bewilderment of the depression augmented the demand for dreams, in so far as it became less and less possible for the average person to master or adjust himself to the intolerable realities of unemployment and destitution. The stream of dimes and quarters contracted, but the industry rationalized itself to deal with the new condition. The exhibitors gave two dreams for a quarter instead of one. Independent producers stepped into the breach and provided cheaply produced "featurettes" to supplement the big feature pictures. The "quickie" department of the industry ground out low-grade pap for the all-night nickelodeons, which more than ever on winter nights became warm sanctuaries for the atomic drift of the utterly destitute and damned. Asleep or waking, these lost souls are lulled in dreams. Who shall call unmerciful a civilization that can contrive so vast and efficient a euthanasia?

To meet the challenge of the depression, the bankers, executives, directors, technicians, writers, and artists who devote themselves to the fabrication of this dream stuff achieved miracles of invention and organization, equaling if not surpassing such purely material triumphs as the Ford production line. After all, Ford is concerned merely with the comparatively simple two-dimensional problem of co-ordinating men and materials. But the movies are both an industry *and* an art: the

producer must manipulate not merely the tangible realities of sets, lighting, the complex techniques of sound photography, the multitude of crafts represented on the mile-square area of a motion-picture lot but also the intangibles of art, of the dream.

The production of each big picture, or dream, is a small war in itself. It starts when the idea of the picture is born; it accelerates terrifically as soon as the picture goes into production. This dream will cost about five hundred thousand dollars to make; it must click the box-office turnstiles the world over at least thirty million times before the producer gets a cent out of it. Moreover, when we break the retail price of the dream into its component parts, we find that the manufacturer gets less than ten per cent of that box-office quarter, or rather of seventeen cents, which is the average admission price.

The bulk of the motion-picture customers is from sixteen to twenty-six years old. That means that the industry must provide dreams acceptable to the lowest common denominator of that thirty-million-weak predominately adolescent audience. Amusement or entertainment — all else is taboo. Young love. Glamour. Sensation. Escape. If the industry fails to give these, it loses its shirt.

The industry tries to serve, yet it does lose its shirt with distressing frequency. In fact, it is estimated that the periodicity of the panic cycle in the motion-picture industry is three or four years, as against seven or eight years for industry as a whole.

The production of a motion picture is a battle fought with all the resources of modern science, mobilizing armies of technicians, craftsmen, artists, writers, management experts, research workers, actors, extras, and miscellaneous soldiers and camp followers; conducted in the synthetic dream terrain of the motion-picture loft; generated by over-

DREAM FACTORY

worked, nerve-shattered executives whose hundred-thousand-a-year jobs hang always by a hair.

Out of this war a dream must issue which will make the world — not safe, exactly — but momentarily endurable for the thirty, fifty, or hundred million people who must dream this dream. Then the stars may be paid their twenty-five hundreds a week, the top executives their bonuses, and the bankers, of course, the proper return on their investments. By this time the bankers own most of the industry. They are trying to stabilize these dream battles, to rationalize these wars, but it isn't easy. Even as I write, their lamentations can be heard all the way from Wall Street to Hollywood.

VISIONS AND NIGHTMARES

ALL IS FAIR in motion-picture love and war. War is hell but in Hollywood such a soft hell! Yesterday I sat on the sun porch of one of those admirable neo-Spanish Hollywood villas, vaguely conscious of the meretricious, derivative eloquence of the mockingbirds and watching spellbound the quick, sensitive hands of a motion-picture director who was describing with passion the mayhem perpetrated upon his last picture by the collaborative idiocy of writers, supervisors, and the producer. A child of the Russian pogroms, for twenty years engaged in the manufacture of the shoddy dream-stuff by which the producers save their shirts, the man's every gesture was the gesture of an artist. His verbal images were a succession of brilliant camera shots; he thought, felt, lived pictures, not as a merchant but as an artist.

There was no denying the earnestness of the man. He was badly hurt, and not in his pocketbook. He wailed, he gesticulated, he prophesied in language reminiscent of Jeremiah; he invoked the wrath of Jehovah on the miscreants. He all but wept; the blood ran out of his shoes.

To distract him from his grief, someone mentioned King Vidor's recent production, *Our Daily Bread*. Instantly, the man's hands moved into interpretive marginalia upon that work, which he greatly admired, despite its defects. He too was a farmer, he explained. As a boy of seven he had carried buckets of water and poured them into big vats piped to irrigate

the drought-stricken Russian steppe. He remembered sitting in a darkened room after a pogrom, sharing in the distribution of burned apples to half a dozen starving families.

The grasp of reality, the truth, the passion of the artist were quick in this man, as in scores of other directors, writers, cameramen, artists scattered throughout the industry. The reality is evaded, the truth is frustrated, the passion is stultified; that is what, more than anything else, makes Hollywood a hell with Bedlamic trimmings. But the artists are there, and a saving percentage of them struggles desperately to put art into pictures. They gloat over small successes; they bleed over their defeats. They rave, risk their jobs, work nights and Sundays, lose their teeth, their hair, and their virtue. For what? Not solely for a lousy fortune. The big salaries paid in the upper brackets are undoubtedly a factor, but one doubts that money alone could command such intensity of effort.

Consider the culminating moment when, after weeks of preparation during which the huge, delicately co-ordinated resources of the studio have been stretched to the utmost, the big scene of a picture is about to be shot. Ten writers have worked on the script. Squads of carpenters, painters, and technicians have timed their efforts to reach completion on the particular day when the stars and the director are available according to the terms of their contracts. They have built a battleship swimming in a synthetic ocean, perhaps, or a magnificent cathedral out of sticks and plaster. The life work of an animal trainer or an electronic engineer is about to be given to the world. The picture, which is already being sold to the distributors for release on a definite date, has already cost fifty, a hundred thousand, five hundred thousand dollars, as well as several nervous breakdowns. A bell rings, a red light goes on outside the studio door, the cameras whirl. It is a breathless moment.

Since the advent of sound, the director cannot hiss, as in the past: "Come on, Honey, gimme lust!" But the enforced silence is rich with irony. Much genuine art, much science, and heroic struggle have gone into a collective effort, the net result of which is likely in the majority of cases to be artistically worthless, humanly false, and socially anesthetic and corruptive. Many of the people involved are

THE FORUM

aware of this. But, when that much money has been spent and that much human effort mobilized toward the objective of giving the flappers of four continents a vicarious thrill, the matter must be taken seriously, on the set at least. Motion-picture people are not lacking in humor. The abler ones laugh well and curse well. Artistically, their occupation tends to be a kind of whoredom, and this they freely acknowledge. But they are quick to resent the Pharisaism of the outsider who fails to recognize that even at its worst the commercial motion picture exhibits a steadily rising level of craftsmanship; that this craftsmanship has values and yields satisfactions in and of itself, while its improvement is clearly due to the concentration of capable writers and artists in Hollywood; and that there is always the chance of coupling the dream with the reality — in other words, of making this Hollywood hell give birth to a work of art which will be exhibited to a world audience.

It happens occasionally. But Hollywood is hell just the same. The shoddy dream-stuff infects the minds and hearts of those who make it. The fog of dreams drifts back and fills the canyons of this phony, sprawling dream-capital, so that the ceiling is always pretty low and imaginative flights difficult. Pecuniary values reign. If you want a job in pictures, they tell you not to be seen lunching with anybody who makes less than five hundred a week. Careerism and sycophancy are rife. Nobody is secure. Those who are in set up bars against those who are out. Once out it is hard to come back. A successful screen writer told me he would rather be broke in any other town in the world than in Hollywood. It is shameful, it denotes lack of virtue not to be able to command a price for one's virtue. It is a fate worse than death. Your best friends barely speak to you. You skulk around corners.

The life of a star averages six years. Ex-stars haunt the casting offices, seeking bit parts. In 1933 eight thousand actors and actresses were listed as seeking employment, and only fifteen hundred were employed. A once famous actress, around whom a million-dollar company was organized, is now on relief.

FALSE FRONT

SIGNIFICANTLY, Hollywood's favorite word is "phony." "It's as phony as Nicholas

Murray Butler," commented my guide when, unable to believe that a miraculously convincing reproduction of a Gothic arch was faked, I went up and tapped on its inch-thin canvas and plaster. There was the time when a group of distinguished naval officers issued from a restaurant to be greeted on the curb by the jeers of the sophisticated Hollywood populace: "Phonies! What picture are youse fellows extras for?"

I had supposed that the Hollywood romances were also phony, but was assured that this is not the case. They are merely life imitating the adolescent pseudo art of the screen. The stars who marry and divorce with such fluency are not mere slaves of carnality. On the contrary, they are the most idealistic and illusioned of people. Each new romance is a grand passion, the perfect partnership.

This seemed incredible enough, but even more astonishing is the migration of social registerites into the films. Both the fact and a veteran motion-picture man's interpretation of the fact are worth recording:

"See the toffs at the next table? They're from Santa Barbara. The pictures give so potent an illusion of class existence that the society people cultivate the motion-picture stars. They do bit parts in the glamour films, actually thinking that they are coming into an extension of their own lives.

"Is it possible," he continued, "that the movies are less phony than the lives of the upper classes in this period? Maybe that's it. Maybe the toffs are living in hell; when they get parts in the movies it's as if every so often the damned were permitted to simulate living people."

Dismiss this, if you like, as the theory spinning of a jealous professional mime. Maybe the movies are not a heaven for the toffs, but filmdom does become a kind of hell for the professionals. Stars, writers, motion-picture people in general feel a certain exile from reality, and are worried and distressed by it. The chronic exhibitionism of Hollywood doesn't quite satisfy them. They go to the races at Santa Anita, where the payoff on a single Saturday was five hundred thousand dollars, of which the track got eight per cent and the State four per cent. All the screen notables are there, and the fact that Mr. Zauberstein, the writer, is seen with Mr. Spielberg, the pro-

SONG AND FLAME

ducer, is supposed to help keep Mr. Zauberstein in the money. This is all pretty phony stuff.

Every now and then some of the more gifted and sensitive motion-picture people try to break out of the dream world of Hollywood. They want to establish some contact with the real world of strikes, of destitution, of social and political crisis which is never shown in the pictures except when some socially conscious producer like King Vidor takes the bit in his teeth and gambles his own money. These rebels clandestinely attend Marxian study classes. They listen sympathetically to the miseries of the lettuce workers toiling in the Imperial Valley a couple of hundred miles south. They too would like to live authentically in the real world, if only their contracts would permit them to do so.

But the contracts are very specific. The slave of the screen owes a duty to his public. He must risk no publicity which would impair the box-office value of his name. So for the most part Hollywood keeps faith with the dream and chews the sour cud of its own phoniness.

It is, in fact, a jealous and exclusive phoniness, a moated and ramparted hell. When you come in from the outside, everybody suspects you of "trying to break into the movies," in other words, of wanting to ladle up, for a price, some of the dream-stuff brewed in this hell.

Agents, directors, producers, writers are closely guarded by their secretaries. The private telephone is almost universal. I phoned a well-known writer's secretary, and was subjected to a formal inquisition. Why did I want to see Mr. Smith? Did I want a job? What kind of a job?

Finally, I blew up and declaimed: "Listen, I'm the only man in the world who doesn't want a job in this damned town. I'm unique. I'm colossal."

The secretary was completely unmoved and completely skeptical. Rightly so, I reflected, as I hung up the receiver. The movies, potentially at least, are the greatest art form we have and the greatest medium of social communication. But the ramparts are high, and the people inside are pretty sad-eyed. Breaking in is only the beginning. The real job is to do something serious after you get in.

Song and Flame

❶ *God, to be a poet again.
To seize the trumpet and blow it again.
To point the quick spear and throw it again. . . .*

<i>To take up the swinging Sword that is flame, And set the blood singing That too long was tame; To feather and aim The first, burning arrow, Till the Philistine marrow Runs cold in its frame —</i>	<i>Never to weaken, Never to whine; To burn like a beacon In every line; To brandish a sign That will waken the wearied, While the sparks that were buried Leap upward and shine —</i>
--	--

*The seed of that fire — to grow it again.
The flame of that banner — to show it again.
The lift of that trumpet — to know it again.
O God, to be a poet again!*

Louis Untermeyer

Breaking into Politics

ANONYMOUS

POLITICS AS A profession for gentlemen is having a boom. The latest addition to the ranks is, of all things, a Biddle of Philadelphia. And Princeton's School of Public and International Affairs is annually turning out would-be gentlemen-politicians by the score. Other professions may not look attractive today, with the law and medicine overcrowded and bond salesmen biting their nails in anterooms; but politics, not having been tried recently by American college graduates, looks good.

Politics for gentlemen has had in England a long and honorable history; in this country it has had its ups and downs; today it is having an up. But the amateur playing politics, like the tenderfoot playing poker, is apt to lose his shirt unless he knows something about the business. Take it from one who has played the game that statesmanship as a profession has more problems than just announcing to the electorate that you have a good education in the social sciences and that you are eager to serve the people. The citizens would not object to this announcement; they would just greet it with awe-inspiring silence.

YOU CAN'T ELECT YOURSELF

TO GET INTO politics it is necessary first to get into a political party. A man may know everybody in the West End, but it is the people across the tracks who will elect or defeat him. For every voter in the West End, there are nine across the tracks or in Little Italy or Little Hungary or some such place. And they are more likely to vote on election day than the West Enders. The first rule of politics is to know where the votes are and to act accordingly, and it is the political party which serves as broker and brings together in some sort of unity all the divergent groups and interests in the population. A man could no more get into office without party backing than into the Union League Club without a waistcoat.

The political party is really the candidate's best protection from the groups to which he would have to appeal for support without a party—the antivivisectionists, the League of Women Voters, and such crowds. Indeed, a party does not care very much what a man's ideas are, unless, by a fluke, he can begin at the top and the party is to run him for governor or senator.

A party, of course, does not like a candidate with ideas which antagonize a large number of independent voters: no one could blame party managers for not wanting to put up a man who is, say, antilabor. He would do better for himself, anyhow, if he spent the time and money improving his golf game; he could not be elected. Very pronounced or unusual views on public questions are a handicap to a beginner in politics, as much a handicap as membership in the Anti-Saloon League or wearing a monocle.

Unless a man just loves punishment, he ought to go into the dominant party in the section in which he lives. This observation is not as Machiavellian as it sounds. Our parties being what they are, a man can be radical or conservative in either party—a Carter Glass or an Elmer Thomas, a Norris or a Reed. In a close district, a man might go into the Democratic Party if he thinks that he is liberal or radical, into the Republican if he thinks he is conservative. No man should feel discouraged if he does not know what he is; in fact, he can look forward to a successful political career if he can sustain that attitude and still keep all his supporters thinking that he is a great, thoughtful man, who does not say everything he thinks. Calvin Coolidge got away with it.

When I wanted to get a toe hold in politics, I went to the county chairman of the party I had selected and asked for a place on the ticket. He did not ask me what my ideas were on taxation, utilities, or civil-service reform. He

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only asked what my church was — “too damned many Catholics on our ticket last year,” he said. I am a bit uncertain what my religion is but I could tell him that I was not a Catholic and I got on. A candidate’s religion, I have learned, is not discussed in political meetings, but it is very important, not to the politicians themselves but to the voters. It does not do for either party to have the feeling get about that it is all Catholic, all Protestant, or all Jewish; a clever chairman will distribute his candidates among the principal sects. Just as a would-be statesman may have his chances killed by having too pronounced or too unusual views on public questions, so a man may have them killed by belonging to the wrong church for his locality.

It is useful but not essential to belong to several lodges and clubs. In some sections of the country it is valuable to belong to a volunteer firemen’s association, as these volunteer firemen are numerous and politically inclined. It is very helpful to have fought in the last war or at least to have worn a uniform. The veterans are most politically minded, even those who never fought anything more dangerous than the mosquitoes at Camp Dix. They are buddies and they will vote for a buddy for dogcatcher or for Congress. A man who had the misfortune to have had flat feet or astigmatism in 1917 can still get elected, but he will have a hard fight in a close district if the veterans are opposed to him or if there is a veteran running for the same office. The veterans have been able, because they hold the balance of power in so many districts, to get anything they have wanted of Congress or of the State legislatures. As Speaker Reed said of the G. A. R.:

The question is no longer what the country will do with the veterans but what the veterans will do with the country. They saved the country and now they want it.

CAN YOU TAKE IT?

MANY A YOUNG man going into politics wastes a lot of worry about how he will get along with the professional politicians. By and large, politicians are the most tolerant men to be found in an intolerant world: Jew and Gentile, rich and poor, educated and illiterate, black, white, and yellow — all are voters, and all are welcomed into the party fold. Politicians have to be tolerant, and no man has a chance

in politics who has tendencies the other way.

Anybody who wants a quick way of finding out whether he can endure the life of a politician should spend an evening in Harlem, not at the night clubs but in the middle of a colored revival meeting. If he can stand the air, the noise, and the bodily contacts for two or three hours and be willing to go back another night — not eager to go back, of course, but willing — then he will do in politics.

The life of a candidate is not preparing statements for the papers or writing proposed laws; it is getting out among the voters wherever they may be found. The voters will not seek the candidate; he must seek them — at the Fifth Ward Czechoslovakian American Club, at the Colored Elks’, at the Hibernian clambake, in saloons, at firemen’s carnivals and policemen’s balls, at labor-union meetings, at Italian card parties. I have attended so many Italian meetings that the very odor of garlic makes me jump up and start a speech.

Nor are the meetings all for speechmaking. For at them are found the constituents who want to get the candidate to do something for them, and before or after he makes his speech he has to listen to long tales of woe about this and that. Angelo Pinelli has lost his job with the Highway Department — will you see about that, Mister? And the Magyar-American Club is not properly appreciated at Party headquarters — will you say a word for them? And Benedict Arnold Washington of the Thirteenth Ward Colored Club is in the pen — will you take their president to see the Governor about a pardon? This sort of thing can begin at seven o’clock in the evening and can last until two in the morning; and holidays and Sundays are the worst days.

If a candidate needs an obtuse sense of smell, he needs a strong stomach more. Beer and political meetings seem as inseparable as mint sauce and lamb. A candidate needs a good capacity for beer fully as much as he needs a good memory for names and faces. He must drink with the boys whether he wants to or not. It is idle to explain that at another meeting he just finished fourteen beers. “You no drink with me, huh?” said a Pole to me. “You too good to drink with Polish fella, huh? Then I not good enough to vote for you, neither.” So the candidate takes one more and one more, until he splashes as he walks.

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No man should go into politics who thinks that his time is valuable. Running for office, even for an unimportant office, is far more time-consuming than the average man imagines. In a fairly populous district there are from one to five meetings to attend every night for the two months before an election. These meetings are all scheduled to begin at eight o'clock, so the candidates divide into groups and attend the meetings in series. No political meeting ever starts on time or runs on schedule, and the candidates are lucky to get home by one o'clock. By the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November they are all red-eyed, haggard, and irritable. It is really wonderful that they do not say meaner things about each other than they do.

FAME AND YOUR FORTUNE

AND NOW, HOW much does campaigning cost? The answer is: all the way from nothing to millions. You should, in the average district, plan on having to spend as a minimum a sum equal to a year's salary of the office for which you are a candidate. Tammany Hall makes candidates contribute one year's salary for the nomination; they say it is worth that for the advertising, and, for lawyers at least, it probably is.

No matter what the nature of a party organization may be — reform or machine — it has to have money, lots of money. The party has to provide headquarters and the rental of halls for meetings; then it buys as much newspaper, poster, and radio advertising as it can. But the greatest party expense is hiring the election-day workers who see to it that the sovereign voter actually gets to the polls. In spite of all the efforts of these workers it is very rarely that more than fifty per cent of the eligible citizens cast their ballots; without any workers, the number would drop to twenty per cent or lower. Anyone who wants to prove this need only compare the percentages in close districts, where both parties work hard, with those in one-sided districts where the minority party has so little chance that neither side tries to get out the vote. Election-day workers are paid from five to ten dollars apiece. An automobile is provided by somebody for each. It is usually necessary to have from two to ten workers to a precinct. Assuming that there are about fifty precincts in an average

city, it is easy to see where the money goes.

Besides a contribution to the party, the candidate has his own campaign expenses, and they may well equal a year's salary or more. A candidate is fair game for every half-charity, half-racket scheme going: he is asked to contribute ten dollars to the expenses of the firemen's outing; five to the fund to relieve the refugees from Nazi Germany; half a barrel of beer for the next meeting of the Sons of Italy, and so on. I have had requests which totaled two hundred dollars a week when running for relatively unimportant offices; a candidate for governor will be asked for thousands of dollars. I have never paid more than ten per cent of the demands. And it is at this point that the old hands in the game can help the beginner: they can tell him which requests to refuse, which to scale down, which to pay in full. They know from past experience which groups are fakers and which are genuine, which have voters to deliver and which have none.

Herewith I pass on to the reader, free, a trick which I paid money to learn: I now say to the solicitor, "Go to the County Chairman, and, if he will give you a written statement that I should contribute to your cause, I will." Now the Chairman is a busy man and hard to find; that difficulty gets rid of many of the pests; and by the time he is found, if he is, the occasion for the contribution may be past. In addition, I have a previous agreement with the Chairman that he will pass on to me only the absolute minimum of cases. He is not a candidate and he can afford to have the pests get angry at him for refusals. Not only does he know the fakers as I do not — he is my scapegoat as well.

The purchase of tickets is the bane of a candidate's life. The committee for every church supper, school social, lodge raffle, club outing, or amateur theatrical goes for all the candidates. Each wants "only a quarter" or "only a dollar," but the total of requests in a single day is amazing. I know one candidate who found himself with nine tickets for church suppers on a single evening.

The salesmen of various kinds of advertising can drive a candidate crazy, all by themselves. There are sellers of campaign buttons, who will say solemnly that no man has ever won without them. Salesmen will camp at a man's door to sell tire covers, book matches, posters,

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stickers, and such junk. Money spent on any of this stuff is wasted, and I tell all the salesmen, as politely as possible, to get out.

I once received the following letter:

Dear Sir:

The State Firemen's Association had a convention last week. We thought that you would want to buy an ad in the convention program, copy of which is enclosed. We called your office, but you were out, so we put the ad in anyway. Please send check for \$17.50 to the undersigned at your earliest convenience, as we wish to get the accounts closed.

He is still waiting for his seventeen dollars and fifty cents. After several campaigns I have come to think that no convention can be held without a printed program paid for by candidates, with useless advertising.

BLACKMAIL AND OTHER FUN

THE EDITORS of foreign-language newspapers are pests, and dangerous pests too. One comes to a candidate and demands a fifty-dollar advertisement in a paper with a circulation of five hundred or a thousand. If the candidate refuses, he is threatened with an editorial attack. The poor fellow may get the amount reduced, but in a close district a beginner will have to pay something, for these papers can do a lot of damage. Their editors are financially irresponsible, and anyhow they never heard of the law of libel. Furthermore, if a candidate buys an advertisement in an Italian paper, then the editors of the Hungarian, German, Czech, and all the rest of the foreign-language papers come around and demand theirs, so the stricken statesman has to pay and pay. These people have no scruples whatever; they will double their rates for political advertising and they will sell out their support to the candidate who buys the most space.

Once more I will pass on free a trick which I paid hard-earned money to learn: I tell the first man who comes to me that I am short of funds this year and I am going to save all my advertising money until the last week; in the meantime I am having a man who reads Italian (or Polish or Russian, as the case may be) read the paper, watch the editorial policy, and see what the other side does. Then I am going to give out what money I have to the parties

which give me the best treatment. This device blocks the blackmailers and leaves me free to advertise or not.

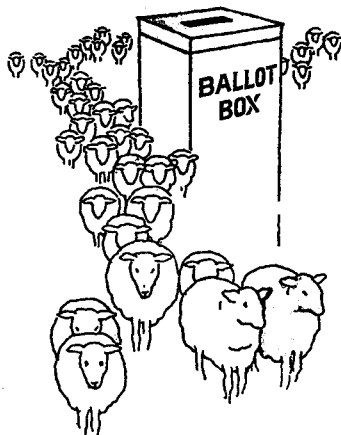
No man who has a thin skin should go into politics at all; it is a game which should be listed with love and war, where all is fair. The most poisonous lies will be set going about a man, lies which he can never, in or out of politics, live down. It may be said, as it was of James G. Blaine, that he is not really married to his wife at all. It may be said that the candidate has an illegitimate son in Salt Lake City or, perhaps, that he is not to be trusted with the public business, for he once served time in San Quentin for larceny. The lies that were circulated about Woodrow Wilson, though exposed over and over again, are still going strong. There is only one thing that a man in public life can do about these rumors: he can ignore them. They are to be expected, just as black eyes are

in boxing or Charley horses in football. But no man who goes into politics should be shocked when he begins to hear salacious stories about himself.

A LESSON IN SPLITTING HAIRS

THE NEW OFFICEHOLDER will probably have a lot of big ideas about what he is going to do to save the city or the State or the nation. The chances are that somebody once had these ideas and tried them; so if he can put over one in ten he may well consider that he has had a very successful tenure of office. Personal and party obligations which had not bothered the candidate stand in the way of the officeholder. If a man promised to put only capable men in jobs, he soon cannot escape the feeling that his party, strangely enough, has most of the capable men who are available; and, merit system or no merit system, who put him where he is? Who will help him at the next election? A strong-minded man may ignore these considerations — and take a licking the next time he runs. The public may applaud a man's giving key positions in his administration to good men of the other party. The public forgets soon; the disappointed office seekers, never.

Unknown to him as a candidate, the party



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leaders may have committed him to some course of action from which he cannot escape. Joe Pellegrini wants a liquor license. Yes, he has a record with the police, but, when it looked as if the election might be lost, he contributed a thousand dollars, which hired the workers in the Eleventh Ward. The vote in that ward was enough to win or lose the election. Does Joe get the license? He does, or a promising statesman goes no further. If Joe does not get his license, he will give his next thousand dollars to the other side.

Plunkett of Tammany Hall once made a nice distinction between honest and dishonest graft. Honest graft, he said, was getting legally some benefit from inside knowledge of a city's business; but, when the politicians of Philadelphia stole the zinc off the poorhouse roof, that was dishonest graft. Plunkett's interesting distinction is not satisfactory, and no definition of corruption ever will be. Good and bad may be as clear to a candidate as night and day; after he is elected, if my own experience means anything, most of the cases will be in a sort of twilight zone. It may be that getting a ticket killed, even for one's best friend, is wrong; is it wrong to assign a policeman to the street where a friend's bank is located? It would be wrong, of course, to annoy one's political enemies with malicious prosecution; but suppose that the man who spread the nastiest lies in the late campaign gets charged with, say, embezzlement. Is it corrupt to assign the best lawyers of the prosecutor's staff to his case?

The officeholder, when he says his prayers at night, may well ask the good Lord to deliver him from his friends. They and not his enemies are the ones who want drunken-driving charges reduced to speeding, who want the city to pave their streets first, who want the inspectors to pass — just this once — their rickety elevators. An honest official can sit in his office and lose friends by the hour.

There is corruption in politics, and there is graft, honest and dishonest. So is there in business. If Tweed slew his thousands, Jay Gould slew his tens of thousands. And will the man in the back row explain the difference between a college president's appointing to the faculty the dumb son of a prospective donor and a politician's appointing to the diplomatic service the son of a campaign contributor? . . .

What! There is no answer?

On the whole, the man with a tender or active conscience is just as safe and comfortable in politics as he would be in business. Indeed, he may have fewer sleepless nights with his conscience than a businessman. The law fixes the salaries of his employees; he is not compelled to pay them starvation wages. No board of directors tells him to sell watered stock or to make up a statement to fool the bank examiner. Nepotism is one form of corruption which does not appear as extensively in politics as it does in business: a political party will not permit an official whom it has elected to give all the jobs to his relatives, but the board of directors of a large corporation will allow a general manager to do just that.

The compromises which a man has to make in office are as hard on his soul as any corrupt or semicorrupt practices in which he may have to engage. To get a playground for a slum, he may have to agree that the city build a boulevard which it could do without. In a legislature, he may have to vote for dubious measures to get his own passed or submit to amendments to his pet bills which seriously weaken them. To save a State from bankruptcy, a governor may have to sign a tax bill which he hates. There is no calculus of compromise: a man must reconcile his acts and his wishes in the best way he can.

A LESSON IN JOURNALISM

NEWSPAPERS freely express their opinions of politicians, but where can one get the politicians' opinions of newspapers? A senator once privately expressed his opinion of them to me: "The average man, who lives and dies unnoticed by the press, never knows how lucky he is." Relations with the newspapers are so much a part of public life that no man should go into politics without knowing more about newspapers than just what he will get by reading them.

No phrase in English is more expressive than "public life." The American people are more interested in whether the President likes corned-beef hash than in whether he likes the St. Lawrence Treaty. He lives without any privacy whatever, and, in lesser degree, every man in politics loses his privacy.

It is impossible to keep one's public and one's private lives separate. Woodrow Wilson grew indignant when the newspapers pub-

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lished rumors about his daughter's engagement, and he gave the reporters a nasty dressing down. Had he come to the White House with more experience in practical politics, he would have been glad that they published nothing worse than they did. No experienced politician objects to newspaper interest in himself or his family; he takes that as part of the game. Going into politics is like going into wedlock in this, that a man takes his family with him.

Because of the intense interest which people take in an official's private life, no one should enter politics expecting to keep some skeleton hidden in his closet. The reporters look in closets first. A man may, if he goes into business or into some other profession, keep hidden from public view some ugly or suspicious fact in his past; but not in politics, for the reporters will hunt it up and make out of it as big a story as they can. They hunted up the cemetery where Blaine's first child was buried and they showed that the date on the tombstone was earlier than the date on Blaine's marriage license. It made no difference that Blaine could explain the circumstance — that he and his wife had been married in an unorganized territory and that they had later gone through a second ceremony to remove any legal shadows. There was enough on Blaine's record, one would think, to have justified the papers in concentrating their attention on his public life.

A newspaper can hound out of office a public man whom it does not like. One trick is to ask him leading personal questions and then to publish his denials. Thus one day a paper will scream:

GOVERNOR JONES DENIES
CONTEMPLATING DIVORCE

And the next day:

JONES DENIES SON HAS
AFFAIR WITH BOSTON WOMAN

Then the third day:

SCHOOLGIRL NOT BLACKMAILING
HIM, GOVERNOR DECLARES

Before long, the readers of the paper will inevitably come to believe that, denials or not, Jones is a scoundrel.

Another odious trick is to select and quote words from a man's public remarks in such a manner as to give a totally different, sometimes an exactly opposite, impression from that which was intended. Any cub reporter can put together such selections, all in quotation marks and without reportorial comment, so that their general sense will be, according to his pleasure, idiotic, outrageous, or incriminating. I feel fortunate in that I have, so far, escaped this kind of attack; like other men in politics, I know nevertheless that it may come at any time.

Just as photographers like to take pictures of a woman in court so that her legs dominate the view, a photographer will take pictures of an official to bring out what the editor wants. By a change in perspective, a man may be made to look ridiculous; and, once a hostile editor obtains such a photograph, he can use it over and over, reducing or enlarging it, cutting the background out, and so on. Eventually the readers are convinced that the victim's appearance is as unfortunate as the editorial page says his character is.

Newspapers may attack an official for everything he does and constantly give the impression that the attacks are made only for the common good. People familiar with the situation often know, and just as often cannot prove, the real reasons for the attacks. The owner of the paper may own some land that he has failed to sell the city for a park. Or the police may be enforcing the truancy laws and making his newsboys go to school. Newspaper owners are businessmen, no better and no worse than the average. One thing they are not — they are not set apart by the Almighty, in His wisdom, as a class of especially worthy keepers of the public conscience. That is only what they say (and sometimes think) they are.

VIRTUE AND HER REWARDS

NOTHING is certain about politics except its uncertainty. The people will often prefer a



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clown or a rascal, a Jimmy Walker or a Huey Long, to an intelligent, hard-working, honest man. Strange preferences are not confined to democracies: look at Hitler. Public fickleness is surely one of the most discouraging aspects of a political career. A man may prepare himself well, get elected, work hard, and have an honest and efficient administration; he may even get and keep the support of the newspapers and of the good-government groups; and yet he may be casually swept out of office by some mountebank who promises to "bust King George in the snoot."

Every professional man has to take some chances. A young surgeon's first four patients may die on him; or a young lawyer's first four clients may be convicted. But politics is like gold mining: it is all a chance. The Hoover landslide in 1928 swept out of city, county, and State offices many a good Democrat, and the Roosevelt landslide in 1932 swept out many a good Republican. Politics as a career is very likely to be broken up by intervals of writing insurance or selling real estate.

It is unfortunate that, often, the better official a man is, the smaller are his chances of continuing in office. If he stays at his desk and works and does not appear at every card party and turkey shoot, the voters soon get the notion that office has gone to his head and that he now thinks himself too good to mingle. If he runs a really efficient administration and keeps the chamber of commerce from selling the city a white-elephant airport or the teachers from putting up two-million-dollar high schools, he is through. The Overburdened Taxpayer who writes letters to the editor does not stand behind the man who will save taxes; he is likely to be out playing golf, rather than voting, on election day.

It is strange how much longer memories have enemies than friends. An official may have to offend the Legion one year and the labor unions another, and he may be re-elected each time. Then, by the date of his next campaign, he may have offended the public employees and the Italians as well, and the cumulation of opposition will get him at last.

Of course there are mayors who have served twenty continuous years, governors who have been elected eight times. They may be men who can walk on eggs and they may be just plain lucky.

An astute man may sometimes avoid this cumulation of grievances by broadening the district from which he is elected. He can be in his city government for two or three years, then go to the legislature for two or three, then run for governor or for Congress. If he fails at one of these steps, he may be able to retire to some board or commission, either permanently or until the heat dies down. This beginning in city government and going on to State and national is the usual procedure anyhow, and a man may work out his apprenticeship while avoiding his enemies and giving them a chance to forget their rage.

The game of politics is no more standardized than human nature. No two wards in a single city, much less two cities, are alike. The political strategy that will work in Kansas may not work in Nebraska. There are even districts in this country where a candidate may do as he would in England, "stand" for office; but in most cases the American idiom is more accurate: he runs.

Then, the rules for playing the game which have worked in some district nineteen times will fail the twentieth. No advice, therefore, can be of universal value, nor can any outline of a political career in one place be accurate for another. The best general advice to a beginner is to study his locality as thoroughly as possible, to go slowly, and to consult the old hands frequently.

With all its hazards and drawbacks, politics has for many men so powerful an appeal that they are said to be "born" politicians. Many a wealthy man will spend fifty times the salary of an office to be called Judge, Governor, or Senator. There must be, as the economists would say, a great psychic income from being in public life. There is no other way of explaining a man who will spend a fortune and work himself to death to get into a two-year, five-thousand-dollar job where he acquires a little brief authority and a world of abuse. Perhaps office seeking is all of a piece with big-game hunting, where a man will spend ten thousand dollars and risk his neck to bring back the horns of some African goat.

There is an endless adventure in governing men. It is dangerous; it is exciting; it is strenuous. Chiefly for these reasons politics has, and may it ever have, an irresistible appeal to gentlemen.

China Betrayed

by YEE WAH

MARCO POLO began it six hundred years ago, when he came back to astonish the home folks with lurid accounts of life in far-away Cathay. Fiction writers of the Sax Rohmer school have done their bit by adding fancy trimmings and gargoyle cornices. Recently Pearl Buck has been trailing the ivy of well-intentioned sentimentality over all.

Mr. Average Chinaman, going about his drab life, would suffer an acute astonishment if he were ever to learn how he has been capering through the halls of occidental fiction as a half-sinister, half-comic figure.

Now comes Madame Chiang Kai-Shek in the June FORUM* with a blueprint for another wing to be added to this sprawling building. Hers is a compact, modern addition in Western style. I fear we should be as ill at ease in her snug rooms as in the picturesque flamboyance of the other fictional villa.

To speak plainly there has been a minimum of matter-of-fact reporting out of China.

But happily there now begins to stir in America an honest desire to know what is what in China, a desire that gives hope of ultimate mutual understanding. It is pleasant to meet intelligent questions from my friends, where before I encountered only a desire for colorful yarns. When I answer, I confine myself to repeating the gist of what is being said by the farmers in the rice fields, on the streets of the villages (which narrow passageways are the debating halls of our peasants), among the tea-houses (which correspond roughly to American middle-class clubs), among the trade-guild workers, and within the safe walls of old, established families. Which seems to me to represent a fair cross section of society.

Only two ears are needed for the individual to become saturated with public opinion in my country, for we are simply terrific talkers.

There is practically no privacy of thought or action in China. Everything gets known about everybody. Those in high places have good ears, but obviously it is impossible for them to be carried into these crowded places. One understands how easily wishful thinking may supplant realistic information in the elevation of position.

Even when not properly understood (or perhaps exactly then), public opinion remains the greatest single force in any country. Laden down with the "miseries of poverty, ignorance and superstition" as we unhappily are, yet what we common people believe to be true is a factor which will always be important.

Just now this popular prejudice is turned against the New Life Movement of Chiang Kai-Shek. In opposing these reforming plans we are moved by our inability to distinguish any difference between losing our personal liberty under the former oppression and the present "idealism." Also we observe that the planting of opium poppies is still encouraged among the farmers, while the chief revenue therefrom goes to those in power. This leaves us lukewarm toward proposed establishment of opium cures for a few addicts. With a deplorable lack of finesse, we ask, "How come?"

The confiscatory taxes on everything we own or grow must still be met on the dot — or else!

The public debt mounts.

The black cloud of Japanese encroachment hangs every day more low. Life grows more and more an uncertain and terrible thing.

In the midst of these very real hardships we are invited to forget our troubles, leave everything to the New Life Movement — and all will presently be well with us.

THE POLITE PANACEA

CONTEMPLATE for a moment the irony of offering this elemental set of rules to us as a

* EDITOR'S NOTE: — "New Life in China"

new solution, when we have been steeped for centuries in the teachings of Confucius, the inimitable formalist, and in the spiritual precepts of the gentle Tao. Remember too that the teachings of these men are a vital part of everyday behavior with us. Do not confuse the issue by assuming that we use the Western method of separating our practical actions almost entirely from our religious professions.

Not a child among us but knows the value of *Li*, *I*, *Lien*, and *Chih*, which are courtesy, service, honesty, and high honor. If we sometimes fail in the practice, we humbly submit that we are but human and prone to err.

No, it is not new emphasis on old rules that will help us. We need intelligent leaders with wide vision, whom we can trust.

The Western reader must be very wary of accepting the word "communist" literally in the news dispatches. One reads that Chiang Kai-Shek has been killing communists by the hundreds, wiping out their pernicious influence. We supply "lesser war lord" for "communist" and realize that the Generalissimo is following good old Chinese tradition in destroying villages controlled by lesser leaders whose growing strength had threatened his own supremacy in that district. And the average man muses on this fact and smiles cynically and says to his intimates, "The same old army game."

That Chiang Kai-Shek is actuated by a desire to carry sweetness and light into darkened areas we do not believe. This unbelief is not a fantasy of ignorant minds, but is supported by the disinterested accounts of returning men and of refugees fleeing from such districts.

Of course the exterminating of one's enemies because they are a menace to established society is not Kai-Shek's invention. Whether we call them Huns and have at them in a war to make the world safe for democracy or call them communists and destroy them in a thirst for power (in the name of patriotism), we have good precedent.

I do not wish to be understood to be dismissing communism as an airy trifle. It is possible that it may in time become a danger among us. Drastic measures may then be necessary. But at present, in China, it attracts only the lunatic fringe, the idle discontents, the pseudosophisticates. It holds no appeal for the family- and clan-minded peasants in the farming provinces. These reject all new thought

and cling to their small pieces of land with a deep passion which I despair of explaining to the Western mind.

I do not know if any incongruity struck the reader as he followed the history of the young man who went up to headquarters to listen to Chiang Kai-Shek's pep talks and returned to his native village, armed with a fly swatter, to enlighten his clan on combating disease. To us it was irresistibly funny, with a touch of the pathos most humor has. With cruel clarity each of us knows exactly what happens to that zealous young would-be reformer. When the youthful Don Quixote advances upon his village, armed with his fly swatter for a lance, he strikes an impasse. For the elders, who control all well-conducted villages, do not take kindly to the leadership of the young. In fact they do not take at all. They are artists at deflating the immature ego. This young man loses face so rapidly that he rather wishes he had fallen in the river and drowned on his way home.

Of course the causes of our deficiencies in water systems and sanitary methods, with the resulting uncleanness, cannot be done away with by swishing a fly swatter or exercising any amount of good will. Money is needed, and it cannot be had for such purposes until the condition of our country is sanely settled.

There is another and different reason why this New Life Movement meets a head-on collision with our terrible passive resistance. It is because the Christian missionaries have been drawn into the organization in an unofficial way. Chiang Kai-Shek is nominally a Christian. No one takes this too seriously, but when he declared the missionaries in on his plans he made an impolitic move.

This is not the place to rehash the commonplaces of the position of Christian missionaries in Chinese life. That has been exhaustively gone into elsewhere. It is enough for our purpose to report merely the fact that the Chinese will not be instructed by these aliens.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK DESERTS

DR. SUN YAT-SEN figured that forty years would be needed to prepare us to run a republic smoothly and laid out his plans accordingly. After a quarter of a century it becomes increasingly evident that he underestimated the time. We remain subjects at

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heart, not citizens. We continue practically in a medieval state of mind. Madame Chiang Kai-Shek is right: We are lamentably lacking in "high national consciousness." Which is the chief reason her husband has been able to seize such far-reaching power. (Power is still seized in China, not delegated by the people.)

We have no nationwide network of radio to instruct the people what to think, nor any organized news service or weekly newsreel. We have no instruments to fashion public opinion. We are still a nation of small villages surrounded by farming land. There is little intercommunication.

Such a manner of life breeds intense individualism. With each man his own family is first and then his clan. Such is his devotion to both that they are, for all practical purposes, but extensions of his own ego, further ramifications of his own personality. These people are not easily moved to consideration of remote difficulties. Neither are they amenable to emotional appeal on vague issues. It is nearly impossible for any leader to capture the public imagination of the Chinese.

So Chiang Kai-Shek remains to us just another war lord, the kind of person we understand perfectly. Even so, he is an unusually colorful figure. His career and personality have been a great boon to us — conversationally.

There was one dramatic moment when he had a chance to move into our affections forever, but he let that hour pass. It will not come again. When the Japanese attacked Shanghai, all eyes turned to him as protector and savior. We waited with strained hearts for him to hurry to the Coast with the only fairly well trained and equipped army in China. Day by

day we waited, while Japanese bombs fell on our finest printing press, on our cotton factories, and on terrified noncombatants.

Still the great Generalissimo sulked in his tent. He was waiting for the League of Nations to act, he said. (As one whose home is attacked by a madman might write to a distant psychiatrist to ask him to try to think of a treatment.)

Hope collapsed, and with it the prestige of Chiang Kai-Shek. As reports began to filter through the countryside of the gallant stand of the Nineteenth Route Army, every bit of air escaped from his balloon. Those dirty, half-naked heroes known as the *Ta Taou Keun*, because they bear as arms the ancient, long, murderous war knife, the *ta taou* (because they are too poor to afford modern equipment) — they stood firm. They did what no one in China or elsewhere believed they could do: they held the Japs. As the front ranks fell before the machine guns of the invader, hundreds more came on and came and came until Japan despaired of killing them all and scrambled back onto her shining warships and steamed away — for the time being.

For months afterward men in the street asked each other, "Where was Chiang Kai-Shek?" until the question became silly. Now he is not so much vilified as ignored. (It is wise to speak gently of the great man here, but that is outside the sphere of his immediate power.)

In settled despair we await our hoped-for leader.

Unless he arises soon, we have no future as a nation. We shall become but an ignominious warehouse, bursting with men and material to feed Japan in her triumphant march toward the Rising Sun.



The Abortion Racket

by B. B. TOLNAI

FROM THE CROWDED parlors of Stuyvesant Square to the spacious accommodations of Park Avenue, the abortionist takes his daily toll in New York. His quarters are the gathering place for every type of woman, from 14th-Street girls sheathed in ankle-length cheap satins to Broadway headliners, slim students of exclusive female seminaries, and sedate mothers of families. A similar situation exists throughout the country.

More than 100,000 women go through the abortion mill every year in New York City, according to former Health Commissioner Dr. S. Dana Hubbard. Startling as this figure may seem, it pales into insignificance beside the more recent estimate of Dr. Isador W. Kahn, who puts the number as high as 250,000. Shielded by an impenetrable veil of secrecy, criminal abortion thus becomes one of the safest, best protected, as well as one of the most vicious rackets in the city.

In the absence of reliable statistics, neither Dr. Kahn nor anybody else can lay claim to more than an authoritative guess. Yet Dr. Kahn's fantastic estimate becomes increasingly acceptable in the light of existing conditions.

In his capacity of Medical Examiner for the Board of Health, with special authority over abortion cases, Dr. Kahn lists 75 physicians who specialize exclusively in bootleg abortions. At an average of 8 operations a day — and I have personally counted as many as 20 women staggering out of the office of a well-known abortionist in East 18th Street on a single Saturday — the total output of the outlawed 75 would approximate 190,000 operations a year. Add to this the abortions performed by dozens of semirespectable general practitioners, plus hundreds of midwives and quacks, and Dr. Kahn's quarter of a million becomes a grim reality.

The woman who walks into the abortionist's reception room, to wait her turn on the hastily

wiped operating table, along with a dozen or more huddled feminine figures, is placing her life in the hands of a sinister combination, consisting of the abortionist, the so-called respectable doctor who recommended her, and the police.

Lack of adequate statistics once again makes it impossible to give the exact number of losers in this deal, covered as they are by death certificates alleging anything from pneumonia to endocarditis. Despite the ridiculously low figures of the Bureau of Vital Statistics, however, every indication is that criminal abortion is among the leading causes of the persistently high rate of maternal mortality, in New York as well as throughout the country.

A case-by-case investigation of 7,380 maternal deaths in 15 states, conducted by the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor over a period of 2 years — the largest study of its kind yet undertaken in this country — revealed that 1,824, or almost exactly one fourth of all the deaths, had followed some form of abortion.

Of these abortions, 50 per cent were admittedly criminal, 13 per cent were listed as therapeutic, while 37 per cent were alleged to have been spontaneous. The latter, however, were frankly suspicious, in view of the high percentage of sepsis, which rarely develops in bona fide miscarriages.

On the basis of the Children's Bureau report, which makes no claim to accuracy or completeness, there should be only 4,000 deaths from abortion in the United States each year. In the face of this, an exhaustive study of the more reliable statistics of various European capitals and industrial centers, made by Dr. Fred C. Taussig, author of a report read before the White House Conference on Child Health Protection, points to the more probable figure of 20.1 deaths to every 1,000 abortions. This is now accepted as the mini-

THE ABORTION RACKET

imum rate for all civilized countries, with the exception of Russia, where the number of casualties has been greatly reduced since the legalization of birth control and abortion in 1920.

At this rate, on the basis of Dr. Kahn's estimated quarter of a million, the death toll of the abortionists' ignorance, filth, and lack of professional skill would amount to over 5,000 victims every year in New York City alone!

II

THE INTIMATE aspects of the abortion racket are open secrets to the country's medical associations. In spite of this, however, the only action taken by these bodies consists in excluding known abortionists from their ranks. Even so, too many members in good standing profit directly or indirectly from the abortion racket to permit of drastic official action against this menace.

For, while the so-called respectable doctor may not himself be willing to perform the operation, he will rarely hesitate to send the patient to a midwife or an outlaw of the profession, in exchange for a one-third to one-half cut on the fee.

"I get my part and I get out," said a physician who boasts of having been the middleman in over 2,000 abortions in the past 4 years: "He can kill her for all I care after that."

Fee splitting, then, is the chief reason for the silence of the medical profession. Though the depression did not beget this evil, the meager years since 1929 have certainly lent it impetus, both through the penury of physicians and the steady increase in the rate of abortions.

The increase in the frequency of abortion is borne out by the figures of a study of all registered maternal deaths in New York City, from 1930 to 1932 inclusive, made by the New York Academy of Medicine. According to this study the percentage of maternal deaths from abortion rose from 13.5 in 1930 to 21.2 in 1932. Even if we bear in mind the inadequacy of registration figures, the trend is significant. The same tendency may be observed in the hospitalization statistics of postabortion patients, the number of whom mounted from 2,313 in 1930 to 5,197 in 1933.

Under the circumstances abortion and the abetting of abortion have risen during the depression era to a major industry within the

medical profession. The prospect of ready cash has tempted many a struggling young practitioner into the shadow of occasional malpractice or into a temporary alliance with the abortion racketeer. Even established physicians have not been proof against piecing out the balance of unpaid bills through an occasional fall from grace.

A second reason for the silence of the doctors concerns their fear of losing patients through the possibility of incurring the wrath of religious groups to whom a realistic tackling of the abortion problem might be offensive. So potent is this restraint that the New York Public Library possesses no literature beyond the Children's Bureau survey on the subject, while the library of the Academy of Medicine restricts to physicians the use of books dealing with contraception and the abortion problem.

The best that can be said for the attitude of the authorities is that it is apt to be characterized by criminal negligence and the desire to pass the buck. The latter is particularly true of the New York Board of Health, which, ever since the investigation of criminal abortion was made a police matter in 1934, has pledged itself to a strictly hands-off policy. In effect the Board of Health denies that the saving of the lives and health of thousands of prospective abortion victims every year belongs within the province of the Bureau of Preventive Medicine, for, as one of the highest ranking health officials of the City of New York put it, "there is too much dynamite in this subject."

In the New York State abortion law, as in the divorce law, there is an "overt act" provision, which opens up vast vistas of corruption and laxity. Police point to the fact that, since all instrumental interference with pregnancy by doctors and midwives is performed behind locked doors, it is practically impossible for them to catch the abortionist in an overt act. Yet it is a fact that the average thriving abortionist pays a minimum of \$5,000 hush money to the police every year.

III

THE METHOD of the police shakedown is simple enough. Detective X hears of the handsome income of Abortionist Y, and covets a slice thereof. He thereupon proceeds to look for a woman who can't pay for an abortion and is willing to play into the hands of the police

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in exchange for the operation. Once the decoy is rounded up, she is properly recommended to the abortionist by a former patient or by a physician in league with the police, and a date is set for her visit.

On the appointed day, the decoy appears at the abortionist's office, pays the fee, and is duly curetted. So far so good. As she is about to leave the premises, however, two or three detectives suddenly block her exit and force her back into the doorway.

The woman stands on her constitutional rights and makes a formidable display of previously rehearsed verbal indignation. Finally she breaks down and confesses the purpose of her visit. Thereupon one man remains with her, while the other proceeds to the doctor's inner sanctum, ostensibly to arrest him.

Now the police are not permitted to invade private premises unless their precinct superior is in possession of a written complaint. But the physician, suddenly pinched by the hand of justice, is in no position to ascertain whether the raid is legitimate or a free-lance enterprise. The safest course, therefore, is to temper the severity of justice, the accepted rate for this being \$1,000 per raider.

The story, however, does not end here. Some time later a follow-up raid is staged by friends of the original prospectors, and the abortionist is taken for a second shakedown, the proceeds of which are divided between the two sets of raiders. The precinct captain is generally informed of these ventures, and receives a share of the spoils.

An actual occurrence of the sort is the tale of the thrice-plucked midwife of Harlem. This worthy woman profited at both ends of the racket by renting rooms by the hour and by hiring out her professional services to feminine guests.

The first time the detectives invaded her premises the old woman fainted and put a sound fear of apoplexy into the hearts of her uninvited guests.

When she was restored to consciousness she pleaded poverty and persecution and compromised with the three raiders for the sum of \$1,500. Forthwith she produced \$1,000 from behind a picture frame and offered to draw the rest on one of several bankbooks in her possession. The detective who accompanied her to the cashier's window noted a balance of

\$12,000 on the book and decided that they had made a bad bargain.

Six weeks later the same men paid the woman another surprise visit. This time she was ready for them. She berated them roundly and showed no inclination to make any conciliatory offering. The detectives in turn reminded her of her failure to keep the pledge she had made to discontinue her activities and proceeded to go through the motions of taking her into custody.

That struck home. The woman changed her manner and offered her captors \$1,000. After some debate, the honorarium was reluctantly accepted, and the raiders left, assuring her they could not protect her if the patient developed complications.

Half an hour later the decoy, picked up again by the policemen, was installed in an apartment borrowed for the purpose. A doctor, brought to her bedside, telephoned the midwife and instructed her to come to the apartment at once, on pain of notifying the police. Meanwhile the raiders sat in a parked car across the way, not unmindful of the farcical aspects of the situation.

Thoroughly frightened, the unwilling benefactress of the police swooped down on the doctor, only to be informed that the patient would have to be moved to a hospital without delay. At the psychological moment the policemen of the previous scene appeared at the door and, over the vociferous protests of the delinquent, proceeded to do their sworn duty.

The upshot was another \$1,000, \$300 of which went to the obliging doctor.

IV

THE ABORTIONIST's fees are determined by the relative risk, represented by the length of pregnancy as well as the general physical and nervous condition of the patient and her economic status. Twenty-five dollars is the rock-bottom price for doctors through the second month; midwives do the job for as little as \$15. Self-medication is still cheaper, and drugstores do a thriving business in ergot, quinine, and dangerous mechanical abortifacients.

In the case of physicians, the middleman who makes the appointment generally quotes the fee in advance. Since the amount of his profit depends on the size of the fee, it stands to reason that he tries to boost it as high as

THE ABORTION RACKET

possible. This is particularly true in the cases of unmarried women, who are sometimes charged 3 or 4 times the amount paid by their married fellow sufferers. Another widespread practice among abortionists consists of extorting money from nervous women who are actually in no need of their ministrations.

Speed and ready cash are the abortionist's chief concern. Consequently the fee is always collected in advance, while the patient—unless she can afford a high-priced abortionist with hospital equipment—is hustled out almost the minute she is able to stand up. The use of anesthetics is generally eschewed, the excuse given being that their presence complicates the operation. Actually the reason is that, in case of accident, chloroform, gas, and ether can all be readily traced in the lungs and brain of the deceased. An anesthetized patient, moreover, must necessarily be kept on the premises longer than one who has undergone the operation in cold blood.

One look at the high incidence of deaths ought to convince anyone that the abortionists are not equal to their task. Allowing for the fact that a considerable number of abortions are induced by midwives and quacks, the element of secretiveness, lack of proper care, improper sanitation, and very frequently lack of skill still obtain to a high degree in the case of full-fledged physicians. Above all, the abortionist is out for money and is not likely to be a man of tender conscience.

In spite of this, under the present law the woman of means can secure the services of highly skilled albeit unethical practitioners. One such man, in the Murray Hill section of Park Avenue in New York, keeps within the letter of the law by employing two associates, known to be reputable physicians, to testify that an immediate interruption of pregnancy is necessary to the life and health of the patient. His fees are \$1,000 to \$3,000.

The police tried to catch this man by sending the pregnant wife of a policeman to him. But whether he had been warned or whether he sensed a trap, the doctor, after examining the woman, refused to take the case.

With a working figure of deaths from abortion mounting into thousands, only 3 doctors and a small number of midwives and quacks have been convicted in cases involving fatalities in the last 15 years in New York City. The ex-

planation advanced by authorities is that juries, consisting generally of mature men and women, with a wide experience of life, possibly involving direct contact with the necessity for abortion, are loath to convict an abortionist. But this is only half the story. The fact is that very few cases ever get as far as the grand jury, and, in the rare instances that they actually come to trial, damning evidence seldom gets as far as the courtroom. Postponement after postponement is systematically granted, until the witnesses either lose patience or find it impossible, for pressing personal reasons, to testify.

One elderly man, domiciled in the West 80's, whose clumsy, trembling hands have perpetrated 6 known homicides, has repeatedly escaped conviction in just this way. Another, the author of 12 homicides, continues to flourish under the very eyes of the indulgent authorities.

In the 31 years of his experience in the city's employ, Dr. Charles G. Norris, Medical Examiner of the City of New York, has only once been called to testify against an abortionist.

In this case the body of a young woman, dead for over 24 hours, had been found in the office of a physician who was also something of a political power on the Lower East Side. The body was removed to the morgue, where Dr. Norris, on performing an autopsy, found that she had died of a perforated uterus, probably under the doctor's very hands. In the face of this evidence the doctor was not only completely exonerated but was carried from the courtroom in a triumphal procession by his political adherents. The same man, by the way, has also been up for questioning in connection with vice activities recently before Assistant District Attorney John J. Sullivan.

This, it must be noted, is no isolated instance of overlapping rackets. Many of the doctors in the vice ring have at one time been or still are actively engaged in the abortion racket, and not infrequently the legal shysters of the procurers are also the "fixers" of the abortionists.

V

THE ONLY TIME abortion fatalities are recorded as to their proper cause in New York is when the victims actually die in public hospitals. Thus, in spite of the grim ratio of 20.1 to 1,000, the records of the Board of Health

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show, *in all*, 22 deaths from this cause in 1933. Be it noted furthermore that not a single prosecution was instituted in these 22 cases.

As in the case of fatalities, there are no reliable statistics of the aftereffects of abortion on those who survive. Even so, the hospitalization figures will give some faint notion of the damage inflicted by criminal practitioners. The number of admissions to public institutions from this cause was 1,350 in 1926, 1,783 in 1927, 2,380 in 1928, 2,568 in 1929, 2,313 in 1930, and 5,197 in 1933. At present, one fourth of all patients admitted to the obstetric wards of Bellevue Hospital suffer from the after-maths of abortion.

How inadequate these figures are will be seen in the light of a statement of Dr. A. J. Rongy, author of *Abortion: Legal or Illegal*, who estimates that "for every abortion ending fatally, 9 have some complications leading to invalidism." Dr. Fred J. Taussig, Associate Professor of Gynecology at Washington University and author of the White House Conference report, claims that abortion and its sequelae are the most common causes for hospitalization in the gynecologic wards.

The language of the New York State abortion law is reminiscent of the wayward girl of Victorian mythology, expressly stating that "her confessed want of chastity is an impeachment of such female, when examined as a witness." The fact is, however, that the ravages of abortion are most rampant among married women, particularly among mothers of 3 or more children.

According to the Children's Bureau survey, 1,683, or 89 per cent, of the 1,824 women who died following abortion were married, while the casualty list compiled by the New York Academy of Medicine shows a 5-to-1 death ratio of married to unmarried women. Abortion is today the tragic problem of the woman who can't see her way to raising more children — or even a single child — in health and decent living conditions. This is the reason for abortion more often than an irresponsible act to avoid the consequences of sexual wanderings.

Intimidation of witnesses is a current practice under the present law. The most notorious abortionist may go scot-free because according to the letter of the law a woman he may have crippled for life is just as guilty as the criminal practitioner himself and liable to the same

punishment. On being informed of this, a woman who recently survived an ante-mortem statement hastily retracted her confession, thereby aiding the acquittal of a known abortionist. Beating the rap has, in fact, become so much a matter of course that another man, booked on a homicide charge, continued to perform abortions while out on bail!

On the rare occasions when licenses are revoked, moreover, it is the unprotected small man, not the habitual criminal abortionist, who is punished.

The situation is effectively summarized in the words of an official of the Medical Grievance Committee of the New York State Board of Regents. "It's just a man's hard luck if he falls into our hands," this official said. "For every license we revoke, 99 more remain in effect. I'm inclined to feel sorry for the fellows we get."

VI

THAT THESE conditions are bound to persist under present legislation is clear to anyone acquainted with the facts. The crying need of the moment is, first, to make the most up-to-date birth-control information available to every woman who wants it and, second, to put the abortion bootlegger out of business by scrapping the inhumane and archaic abortion law.

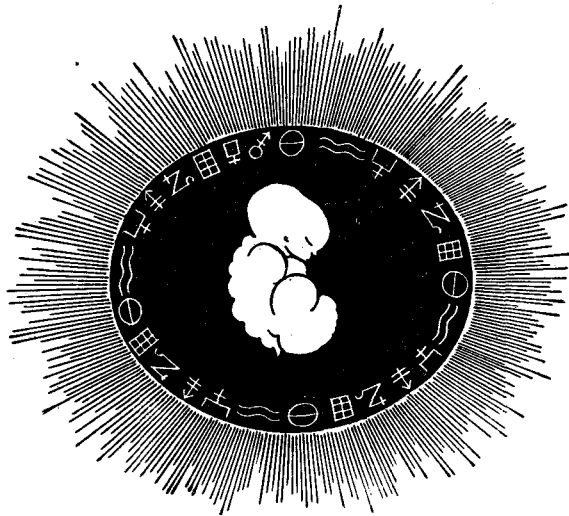
It is quite possible that this would lead to an increase of sex activities among the unmarried. It would be as well to remember, however, that, in the absence of freely available birth-control information, the tendency has been steadily toward disproportionately large families among the poorest element of the population; that society's frantic enthusiasm for child life *before* birth is not, in fact, followed by proper care and conservation of child life *after* birth; that by far the greater burden of the tragic penalty of ignorance and accident rests upon married women and their families, as shown by available data concerning the relative frequency of abortion among married and unmarried women; that the woman who, for any reason at all, finds after conception has taken place that she is unable at the time to embark upon maternity should be entitled to at least as much consideration as the victim of any other accident, and should not be made to risk her life or forfeit her chances of future

MATTER OF LOGIC

motherhood at the hands of outlaws and quacks.

The relation of the medical man to the public is another vital problem that calls for immediate attention. It can scarcely be maintained that we are suffering from an overproduction of qualified physicians. Yet, while thousands today go without much-needed medical care or at best depend on overworked hospital staffs, increasing numbers of physicians not of

the racketeer type are being forced into illegal bypaths, to meet overdue bills. A sense of guilt, fear of detection, and fear of blackmail then combine to make these practitioners as great a menace to public health as the most hardened racketeers. Some measure should be adopted to make medical care available to all who need it and to provide physicians with a means of livelihood involving neither betrayal of trust nor infraction of law.



Matter of Logic

*I cannot think that He, the Great
Economist, will prove
Incredible wastrel. He who keeps
Account of motes that move*

*Along a beam of sun; who is
Most chary of all dust,
Letting no atom be laid waste;
Who salvages from rust*

*And mold all substance miracled
To being on the earth
Is little likely to discard
A thing of greater worth.*

*Rather am I assured that One
Apportioning no dole
Of matter unto death will prove
As frugal with the soul.*

Adelaide Love

American Art Comes Home

by RUTH PICKERING

A SPIRIT DUST storm has been raised recently over the fields of American painting. It has left the land not arid but more fertile.

In the art world, the balance of power is shifted from dead painters to live ones and from abroad home. Notwithstanding a few sly pokes from critics on the sidelines about nationalism, provincialism, sectionalism, and their attendant forms of ballyhoo, American art is for the moment triumphant.

Indeed the rush of rich Americans to buy old masters seems now so out-of-date that no one is surprised when Morgan sells paintings back across the Atlantic. Andrew Mellon's late flurry in Europe today appears an anachronism.

More space in the press is being devoted to reviews of exhibitions; museums report a greater attendance each year. The Whitney Museum in New York, the Museum of Modern Art, the College Art Association are sending out more shows. Local museums have been newly opened, while the Chicago Century of Progress brought crowds to see one of the finest modern-art collections on record. Prints are cheaper and better done — and are selling.

In the midst of all this, painters in America are not only painting better pictures but working and talking belligerently in favor of native talent and native subjects. Temporarily at least, European art has lost its grip on the American market, not merely because it is so expensive but for other and less crass reasons.

Apart from the sincerity and fecundity of the painters themselves, what has carried the American art business to its present high tide?

When, some 5 years ago, one of our better-known painters, who was especially active in bringing over the "armory show" of 1913, remarked that the French were a nation of dressmakers, not painters, it was rightly re-

garded as sensational if not ungrateful. Most of our men at that time, excepting perhaps the academicians, were learning much from French experimentation. But, having learned, they were becoming satiated. And before long they began to proceed on a new tack of their own with all sail set. No more fancy embroidery work, they said. No more exotic transplantation but live, American painting for America, done at home and in a style indigenous.

In the meantime, however, French art still kept its lead among the dealers, collectors, museums, and critics, a lead in fact which only the depression halted. Even as our own painters continued to scorn the decorative mannerisms and shallowness of the modern French and to bite the hand that had once fed them, the market for their work languished; and the high prices brought by French paintings may well have been an additional reason for the reaction against the French. But there was another reason — homesickness for reality. And the very fact that the American painter was becoming confident of his own worth made his jealousy of foreign, and financially more successful, art forgivable.

Thomas Craven blew the first public blast against the French of today, taking his cue from the talk among his painter friends. His book, *Modern Art*, was bold propaganda in favor of the American painter working in his own environment without borrowed attitudes. The book was readable, racy, violent opinion. Many of our painters chuckled with delight. But the critics called Craven prejudiced, ignorant of the finer subtleties in art, coarse in manner, his title a misnomer.

The last criticism is certainly true. Craven didn't discuss modern art except in the light of his main appeal, which was for native regeneration. His hope was that our painters

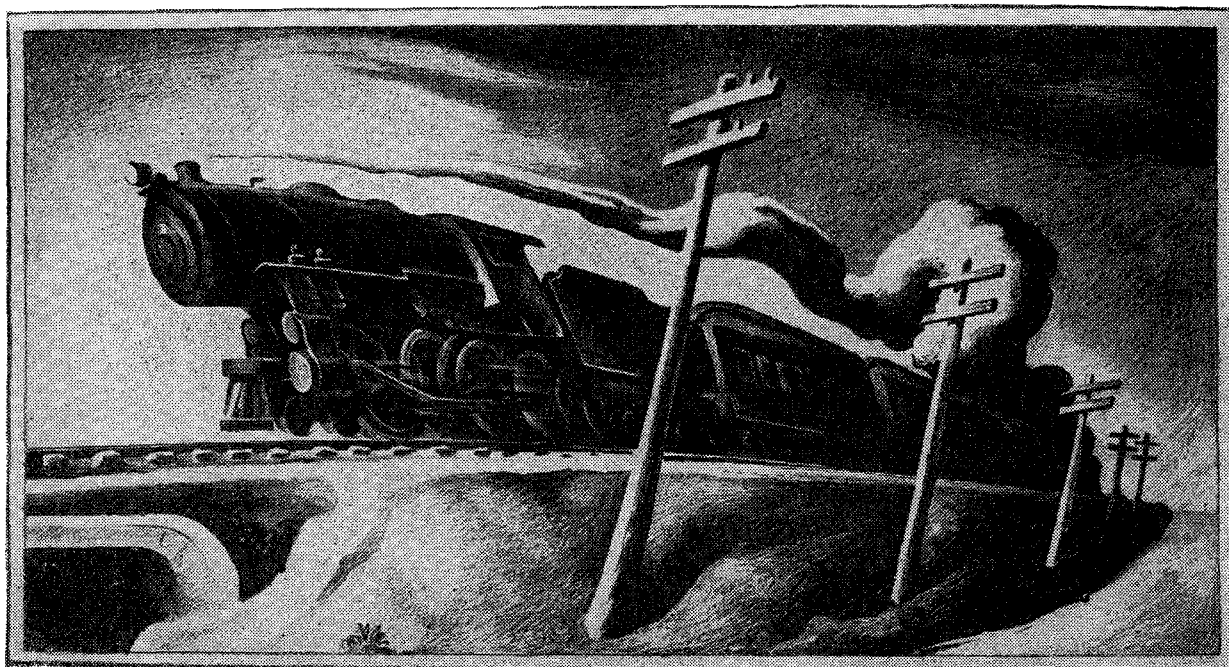
AMERICAN ART COMES HOME

would work furiously and well, not in castoff foreign garments but with their eyes and hearts on the experiences that were richly sensuous around them.

Craven's style was itself a part of his argument against preciousness in criticism and art. He bent every muscular effort to tear the apron strings tying us to Europe, tying us to false posturing before hallowed fetishes. His belligerency helped carry the day. A calmer approach might have been truer, but it would have been less effective. Craven became spokes-

revival of national art expression in Mexico.

As everyone remembers, \$4,000,000 was spent in a few months in 1933-34, by the government, to give painters who were without work jobs at the rate of \$35 a week. It was suggested that they should paint the American scene, and be given local assignments as far as possible. The aristocratic lady, Art, was to become a journeyman, subject to a people's whim. The better-known American painters, who had already abandoned the esoteric ranks, led the advance. Along with them went the



Thomas Benton

Reproductions by courtesy of the Ferargil Gallery

Going West

man for a group of American painters already at work with the emotion that lay behind his thesis.

II

INTO THIS CAMPAIGN came the unforeseen element of the distribution of government relief funds in a scheme designed further to boost the home art industry. Implications behind the plan were broader than the single effort to give the artist bread. It was George Biddle, Philadelphia painter, who carried the idea to President Roosevelt that painters, having been pitifully marooned during the depression, should now not merely receive government help as human beings but at the same time work at murals and sculpture for public buildings. Mr. Biddle pointed out that it was government backing that started the brilliant

heads of the more progressive museums.

During this time, an incidental yet effective battle cry was uttered by Forbes Watson, technical director of the Public Works of Art Project. Learning that the City of Denver had ordered a \$100,000 statue from Mestrovic, of Yugoslavia, he wrote a letter to the *Denver Post*, asking:

Is this Denver's response to the new era, this servile following of the "star" system from which the American artist has so long suffered?

Denver withdrew the commission in favor of an American sculptor.

Finally and quite recently, this active American group has put over an astounding coup, politically and artistically, in Washington. On October 16, 1934, a Painting and Sculpture Section was organized under the Public Works Branch of the Treasury Department. The first

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projects for which decorative murals and sculpture must be provided are the new post-office and Department of Justice buildings in Washington. There are 22 painting units and 10 sculptural units for these 2 buildings. Decorating the post office calls for an expenditure of \$95,128, and an additional \$75,000 has been allocated for the judiciary building. This means an average of about \$5,000 apiece to the 32 artists eventually to be employed.

If the taxpayer shudders at this cost, it may be comforting for him to recall that the mural over the stairs of the Capitol extension cost \$20,000, in 1861. Powell's *Battle of Lake Erie*, over the east stairway of the Senate wing of the Capitol, cost \$25,000, in 1865. And the government paid \$32,000 for 4 historical paintings in the rotunda.

If the country and the Congress have been satisfied all these years with such examples of art, one wonders how they will take to the work of the first 9 painters and 2 sculptors who have just been chosen to decorate the new post office and the Department of Justice building.

The painters are: Thomas Benton, George Biddle, John Curry, Rockwell Kent, Leon

Kroll, Reginald Marsh, Henry Varnum Poor, Boardman Robinson, Eugene Savage, Maurice Sterne, and Grant Wood. The sculptors: Paul Manship and William Zorach. The majority of these men belong to the new school of American-art-for-the-American-people. That officialdom should recognize such men, neither harmless imitators nor fashionables, seems unique.

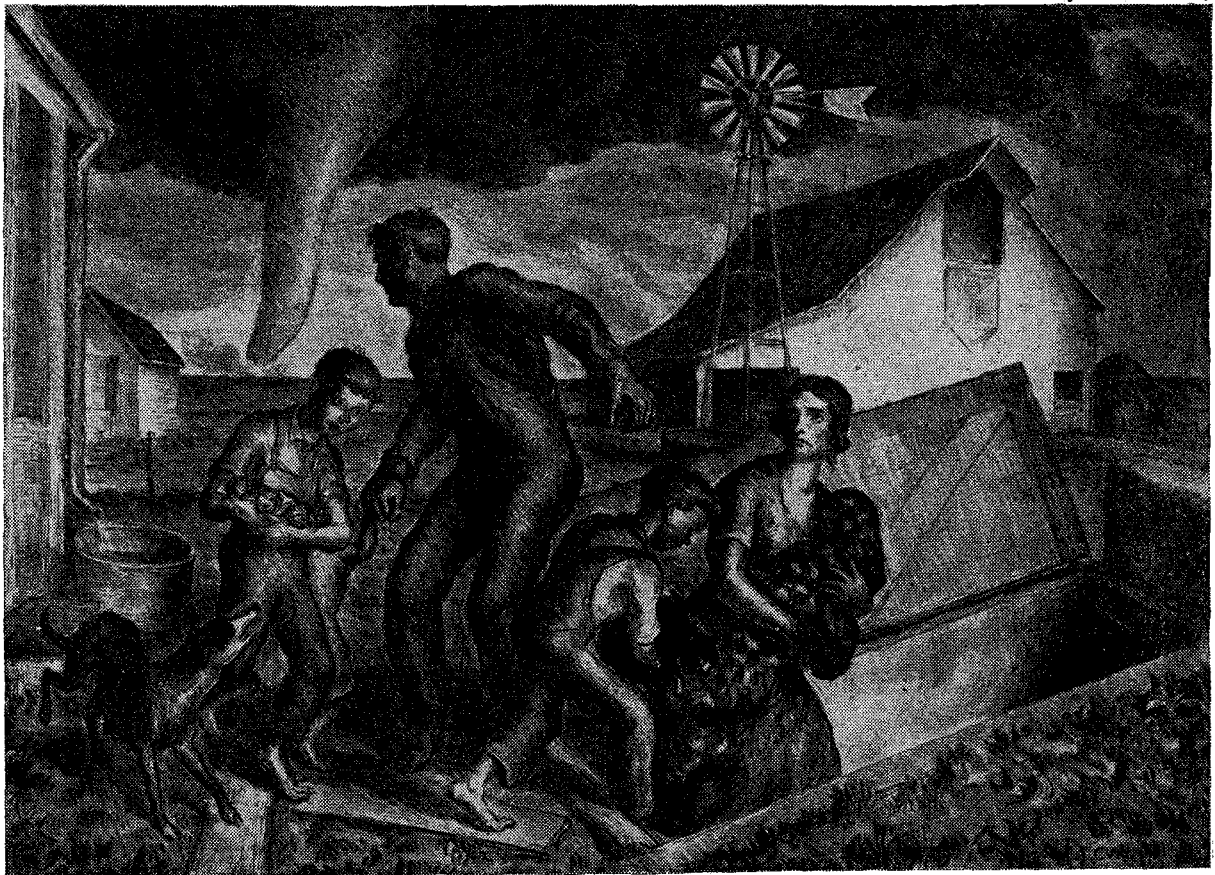
But the Painting and Sculpture Section itself has been wise, brave, and diplomatic. In the last bulletin, we read:

It has been said that, among the reasons why Florentine painting reached such heights, one was that the firm, critical standard of those who ordered the work was such that no artist dared to do a mediocre painting or piece of sculpture. Another was that the inhabitants, including the artists, were so imbued with the glory of Florence that they would do nothing which did not enhance this glory. Without being sentimental, the Section of Painting and Sculpture hopes that, in employing the vital talents of this country, faith in the country and a renewed sense of its glorious possibilities will be awakened both in the artists and in their audiences and that through this the Section will do its full share in the development of the art and the spiritual life of the United States of America.

Obviously, this restrained expression of a

The Tornado

John Stewart Curry



AMERICAN ART COMES HOME

far-flung purpose would never carry the force it does if the painters and their sympathizers behind the project had only second-rate stuff to offer. It is highly improbable that any such ambitious intention was in the minds of those men who, just after the Civil War, ordered the paintings now in the Capitol.

But the choice of "vital talents" was limited then. Little interest in painting existed throughout the country. The fact that a mural was expensive received more attention than the question whether or not it was alive and speaking. Europe was the goal of all art seekers, and Europe's methods were our methods. It was after this period that our truer art history slowly and painfully gathered strength.

Many of our painters at work even today still had to fight through a dampening skepticism during their youth. If they were driven to Europe, it was the fault of community and family disbelief. If the older countries have had a strangle hold on us for so long a time, a good dose of our present nationalism in art is a potent medicine to loosen that grip. And the belligerency of a Craven is by no means a confession of inferiority.

III

IF AMERICAN painters are snug at home trying to paint what they see around them, if the depression has made it more difficult for American painters to study abroad and made Europe a less happy hunting ground for art dealers, why shouldn't we give our painters the attention they deserve?

Why shouldn't there be a few among the rich to buy their art, instead of paying skillfully rigged prices for expertized foreign productions? This is not to bang the door shut on great work, done anywhere. But present condemnation of American painters for being too nationalistic is out of place. They are not jingoes and fomenters of war. They are men bent on painting pictures and in so doing they may give us, at last, an independent culture in a happier environment.

Everlasting comparison with other expression from other lands has been a meaningless pastime in word jugglery. American art is strong and vital today. But, even if this were not so, we must remember that, after all, the picture or the sculpture is the thing.

Moreover, we have come a long way in art

consciousness from the untutored country we were at the beginning of the 19th century, when waxworks were the pride of cities and no one could look at nudes without being turned to stone. Prudery and provincialism abounded while we suffered the first moral pangs of adolescence. It was a guilty American conscience that drove artists to Europe, where all art was pure and a little immorality only splendid freedom. However, Europe's increasing accessibility and our snobbish pride in knowledge of her and her works had, eventually, a softening effect on our national character.

So I can see no reason why we shouldn't enjoy and promote our own art (for many of us it is all we have in art, anyway) without returning to isolated crudity on the one hand or, on the other, to slavish adoration of all things European. Neither humble nor aggressive concerning our American artists, we might begin to take them for granted.

Notwithstanding our lack of independence, other men before those painting today have been honored in this country. If we have never given painting a rich, warm, sure background against which to flourish, we have a fragmentary past of sincere and sometimes glorious art to be proud of. Men like Inness, Homer, Eakins, Ryder, Henri, Bellows, Davies have come through, happy in their environment and able to make a living at their work.

And if their pictures have given pleasure, in whatever degree, it seems unimportant to torture our national pride with the thought that we have produced no heroes marking milestones in methods nor any group that adds up to a renaissance. We at least have enough pictures in our history to suggest that many Americans like paintings, while a few like to paint, and the totality of genius in art need not cause us to hang our heads in shame. Today, if we are interested in painting, we need not turn away from it as did Fulton and Morse, preferring steamboats and telegraphy. And it is precisely that more-flattering reception of American painting which exists today that may quicken our painters into producing a renaissance.

IV

NO JOY, WHEN approached simply, without educated attitudes, is more universal

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than the joy of looking at pictures. "I don't know much about art but I know what I like," though it has been laughed out of court for its belligerent naïveté, is a sensible sentiment for beginning the business of looking at pictures. I doubt if art will suffer much in serving the common man. It is not the simpleton who has bogged us, heretofore, but the art-conscious connoisseur.

Some such hope of speaking to a simpler, less educated, more widely scattered audience is behind the frank effort to escape the nursery of *Maman* France. Together with the feeling that America is a good country in which to paint runs the emotion that the American folk have a right to what they like in art. Untrained to subtleties, most people love a landscape with which they are familiar or perhaps genre pictures. They fail to understand the abstraction. Consequently, we find today among our painters an impatience both with surrealism and with the pure abstractionists who are super-aesthetically floating away from the current of reality.

But those critics and painters and museum directors in the United States who learned a little more from the cubist, futurist, and surrealist than the simple majority are not quite ready to join the attack either on native or French abstraction. They are more concerned with their personal emotions in art than with any democratic effort to make pictures accessible or pleasing to the majority.

The American painter claims (if I may speak of several individuals, of divergent views, as one) that he learned what the abstractionist had to say and it was good. And yet that it was only a step on the way. The American painter's present effort is to compose his pictures — genre, landscape, or whatever they may be — using, to build the whole, the knowledge of mass and form and line and color which the abstractionist breaks up into component parts.

The critic says: "Take care lest you produce only sheer illustrational and pretty decorative stuff or make paintings that reproduce nature exactly and without comment or give us again the sentimental and banal." There is, in fact, a definite conflict between critic and painter. And in this conflict can be seen the strength of the present movement in American art.

Off on another side stand the communist and

other propaganda painters. They too are doing their little verbal sniping. Judging from an article by Jacob Burck — painter and cartoonist for the *New Masses* — the revolutionary painter accepts some tenets of what he calls the "New Deal" school.

For example, Mr. Burck says that

prior to the crisis, consideration of subject matter in painting was considered bad taste. Something altogether belonging to another medium of expression. Now, the subject holds first place in discussions among most groups of artists. The artist has become aware that something has happened to the world in which his "self-expression" used to function.

He goes on to say that some painters in their fear, in the face of a changing world, have taken to surrealism as a means of escape and that others

chose the jingoism of the D.A.R. as their way out.

The revolutionary artist, however, chooses neither of these escapes. He steepes himself in Marxism, plus the technique of bourgeois painting, plus its ideology. And then,

using propaganda in the revolutionary sense, it becomes the basis for all thought and action, including the painting of a picture.

Confident that there is a God-given solution of the social chaos in the world, the *New Masses* takes Grant Wood to task for failing to paint the poverty of the tenant farmer in his native Iowa. And the revolutionist attacks Thomas Benton because he paints only the chaos itself and not the program of salvation.

At the moment, however, in spite of the attacks by the revolutionists and the abstractionist critics, well in the lead is the American school that paints American life for the American people. Yet, in so doing, it by no means denies the supremacy of the great masters of the past. Posterity, I think, will remember the work of the modern school that is finding official recognition in Washington, rather than that of either the academician, the surrealist, or the revolutionist — even if this may leave Gertrude Stein and the contemporary French a trifle forlorn.

And for us on the sidelines, eclectic enough to like almost any sincere expression in the plastic arts, our only fear is that American painters and sculptors will learn to talk too well. It is perhaps an ominous sign that Grant Wood is writing a book and Thomas Benton contemplating one.

Don't Fool Yourself

Pitfalls in Psychic Research

by **J. B. RHINE**

THE FIELD OF "psychics" or parapsychology bristles with perilous snags, and many there are who have been impaled thereon. As a branch of research it is indeed unique in the number of pitfalls that await the unwary inquirer. The mystery of its borders and the puzzling character of its occurrences make belief as uncertain as life in the African jungle. The list of those who have been caught on one snag or another, who have been "taken in" by some "psychic" or mystic or who fell into absurd occult beliefs is an imposing one.

If this is true, there is probably no sport more wholesome for the student of the subject than locating these points of danger, one by one, and charting them — perhaps significantly feeling their ugly edges as he goes. It is reasonable to believe that all of them can be avoided, if sufficient caution is exercised. But nothing short of eternal vigilance plus a knowledge of all the points of peril is adequate.

There is one little snag that trips a multitude of people, especially the nonmathematical — who are most of us. This is the snag of coincidence or chance occurrence. How often an incident looks as though it positively could not have "just happened." How often a person's life plan is decided by a single such "mystic" experience, which convinces him that he is "called" or "chosen" or "warned" but which would leave a statistician cold. One such case is not enough for a safe judgment. Perhaps the worst danger of this snag is that, when a mere coincidence is taken as a meaningful event, it makes the credulous individual more uncritical than ever. It has a progressive effect.

When one is involved in a series of unusual events, it is a matter for experts to decide whether or not "chance" can explain them. Statisticians have great difficulty, themselves, in estimating just what mere coincidence can

account for in such cases. How dangerous, then, it is for the layman to draw a conclusion, perhaps re-orient his life or his philosophy, on such a basis. Even experienced investigators have failed here. And it is noteworthy that most of the studies of mediumship have had no statistical treatment whatever.

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION

THEN THERE ARE the various snags growing out of self-deception. First, those from mere exaggeration. The dream that seems prophetic is much more interesting than the "meaningless" dream, and many well-intentioned people stretch other things than the size of the fish they catch, in telling about them. The impulse to entertain is too strong, and the exaggeration is often unconscious.

Fallacious observation and poor memory are closely related to this question, and the several studies on the reliability of witnesses warn us not to expect a high percentage of observational accuracy. One such study shows thirty-five-per-cent error, and another about forty-per-cent. The tendency is to "round off" or align the incidental facts to suit expectations and beliefs already present in the mind. That is: to a certain extent one sees what he looks for. This is especially true with dream reports and accounts of observations made under poor conditions, such as darkness, excitement, fatigue, noise, and the like, all often present at once in a dark séance-room.

But downright hallucination is not uncommon. It may be readily induced in most people by hypnotic suggestion, enabling them to see any object or person named, to hear voices, to hold imaginary conversations, or to believe that they have visited far-off places (including heaven). In the normal waking state and in healthy-minded people, given the right con-

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ditions, hallucinations of a similar kind often occur.

For example, I once witnessed a group of simple but (I believe) honest folk, at a séance, experiencing the presence of jungle animals in the room. It was the fancy of the particular medium to claim to "materialize" such beasts. When she said there was a tiger under my chair, I could not feel it, you can well believe, but several present said they could see it in the dim light. Such cases sound ridiculous, perhaps, but they are more common than would seem possible. Doubtless many such visions of intelligent persons are deceptive hallucinations, at least in part. When normal, intelligent students develop hallucinations, as I have seen some do in the course of routine laboratory experiments, it is clearly dangerous to attach unusual meaning to them on the ground merely that they are unexplainable and mysterious. This snag has victims galore.

Equally wicked is the snag connected with automatism or unconscious automatic behavior. It makes many people look particularly foolish. A great engineer once called me in to show how a table would walk under his hand — without the least effort from him, he protested. He would have taken any oath that he was not moving the thing, yet it literally walked around the room, balanced on two legs. By putting my finger tips on his forearms I could feel his muscles working with each change in direction.

Again, a group of girls once worked up great excitement over Ouija and her messages. They knew the phenomena were due to something beyond themselves, since they had merely to put their hands on the thing, and it sprang to life. In order to illustrate the nature of such automatisms, a hypnotized subject was given the instruction that when he put his hands on the board it would act just as it did for them. He had not been able to do it before this, but at once he became as proficient as the rest.

How impressed some people are that their hands can write out messages which they can neither anticipate nor control. They stand in awe before these "revelations," invest their funds by them, decide which physician to call or which horse to bet on. They feel absolutely sure that, because they are not making the hand write, it is done by some higher power — frequently a deceased friend or an Indian

"guide." Some may even speak automatically; and I am sure they could just as easily use the typewriter or write shorthand automatically, if they knew how normally. All this can be duplicated at will by suggestion, and many people can train themselves to do it if they are patient and determined.

Some psychiatrists use automatic writing as a regular method of exploring subconscious mental processes. They get much the same kind of behavior as the automatic medium does. Often friends, living or dead, are alleged to be writing. It is therefore very risky indeed to attribute any special meaning to such automatisms just because they are unconscious.

I am convinced, however, that there are important factors in some of these hallucinations and automatisms. The presence of snags need not make one neglect the facts. Being on guard is not having a closed mind. Avoiding easy credulity need not mean ignoring problems of research. It is clearly the task of science to ascertain what does produce these phenomena, but only by avoiding hasty conclusions can sound ones be achieved. The process is both technical and tedious.

FRAUD AND BIGOTRY

THE OPPORTUNITIES for deliberate fraud offer the next row of snags, and in these there is variety also. There is the downright professional fraud, making a business of faking the phenomena commonly believed by spiritualists to occur. The history of spiritualism, when written by its more critical historians, shows a large sprinkling of these and doubtless omits many, at that. Of course the fraudulent "psychic" may not always be a charlatan, though this is invariably very difficult to determine. It seems to have been true of one of the cases in English psychical-research history, that of the famous Creery sisters, although they were not professional or commercial psychic subjects and claimed only to be capable of telepathy.

Other motives than the commercial must be kept in view as possibilities in the production of fraud. Vanity and desire for notoriety are very common. One well-known psychic case of recent years, which I may not name here, I can account for only on this basis. And I am told that the desire to give consolation and comfort once led a son to produce elaborately

FRUSTRATION

deceptive psychic phenomena for his father, while the latter, an able professional man, was deceived by them and led into the most absurd nonsense. The urge to play a practical joke has led to similar deceptions; and the need to make herself interesting to her second husband once led the third wife of a prominent Boston physician to begin a career of faked spiritism.

Deception as a possibility must be supposed at every step and must be eliminated by the conditions themselves in any crucial experiment. It is not necessary to be a magician or a detective or to be especially skeptical, in order to devise safe conditions and to maintain them throughout an experiment. But it is necessary to know all the possibilities of error and to provide the conditions required to eliminate them. It is a scientist's job.

One of the most vicious snags the investigator has to fear is one that catches him, as it were, in the rear. He may be working devotedly, keenly alive to a score of danger spots ahead, when he is rewarded with a stab in the back from an individual with strong prejudices or fears in connection with psychical investigation. He may find pressure exerted to oust him from his position, as happened, we are told, to Professor Hyslop at Columbia, or from his more honorary associations, as was reputedly attempted by some of Sir Oliver Lodge's critics in the Royal Society of London. Or perhaps merely his reputation for balance or sanity is attacked. There are many people

ready to believe the worst of his judgment.

It is almost impossible for the investigator to avoid some loss of reputation among those whose minds are already set on what is and what is not. So far as any real contribution to his own generation is concerned, this is the fatal snag.

There will always be those stolidly indifferent souls who will refuse to look, as well as some who are afraid to look — afraid of the indefinite, the occult, and especially of the ridiculous and unendorsed. This is to be expected.

After I had given a talk on my work, recently, a friend told me the man next to him remarked: "Well, he makes it sound plausible enough, but there's a catch in it somewhere."

"Where is it?" asked my friend.

"Oh, I don't know, but you can't make me believe it isn't in there somewhere." And my friend admitted that he could not help feeling the same way.

To the genuine sportsman, in this jungle of the mind, I am sure the high frequency of danger only adds to the zest. And, in view of the size and value of the game, it is hard to see what better hunting the realm of the intellect can afford. The scientific method and all its safeguards are the arms needed for the venture. This way of inquiry has been developed to avoid just such snags as I have described and to capture just such big game as still eludes us in the psychical wilderness.



Frustration

*An old man thought that in his breast
Love's fire again was burning;
And sought to lure the wily guest
With what was left of yearning;
But Love still knowing Youth was best,
Refused the bait with spurning;
Thus taught he was too old to quest,
And Love was quite discerning,
Within the old man's stupid eyes,
Frustration's tears began to rise.*

G. Kenyon Ashenden

Quiet Banners

Continued from page 159

tinkling of little bells; a pulsing sea of woolly white lay all about them, dotted by the thin yellow of occasional lanterns in the lingering daylight. The flocks of sheep were coming home again to Provence after their summer in the Alps.

For a long time they sat, as the stream flowed past them, chatting with the shepherds, who lighted their cigarettes from the pale flames of the lanterns they carried. Stars came out one by one, overhead, gleaming suddenly against the still-luminous sky.

Now at last the road lay open before them, the hushed tinkling of the bells drifting backward toward Les Baux, the swaying lanterns dimming into the muffled movement of the close gray undulation. The driver climbed back into his seat. The girl turned toward David. There was a queer little wet blur under her eyes.

"I'm going back with you tomorrow," she said.

They had dinner together in Avignon. He would call for her the next morning at about eight.

"By the way," he said, "my name is David Johns."

"Mine is Esther Page," she said.

V

THE DAYS SPENT in the little house under the ruins of Les Baux were the loveliest David had ever known. A sense of unreality hung about them, a kind of nostalgic present that touched the most casual things — a visit to the tobacconist, stopping to pick up the meat that came from Arles once a week, coming home again to the yellow comfort of the house after a walk through the hills — and transmuted them into something seen through the hazy perspective of time. The very earthiness of their lives was intangible — like the things you touch in a dream.

The few people who composed the dying city would visit them occasionally in the evening, stay for a while, and then go off to their beds, for Les Baux was tucked in and fast asleep by half past nine. Except for this and a word or two of greeting during the day, as they passed on the street, David and Esther were left beautifully alone.

They were accepted easily after the first curiosity about *les Américains* had vanished. M. le Curé, who lived next

door, came in one evening with wine and olives and did most of the talking, for Provençal was too different from French for David to do much more than nod and grunt and sigh in what he hoped were the proper places.

Later and on evenings when they were alone, they would sit in their garden on a marble bench that had been left from Roman times — for the city was part of Rome once: the ruts of the chariot wheels were still to be seen in the paving of the street that led up to the castles. All about them were roses and lemon and almond trees, with their sweet pungency hovering over the garden and borne toward them by the breeze that murmured of the violent mistral that had always come with the going of summer. But now the air was soft-moving and cool, and they did not believe in the gales that would soon rage for weeks, bending the close-ranked cypress against the hills and grasping vainly at the houses, as though to hurl them into the Val d'Enfer that lay far below them.

They would talk until late: David mostly about his work, of studying at the Beaux Arts the coming winter, showing her the sketches and details he had made on his travels; Esther of her uneventful, placid life in the Midwestern town where she lived and taught. Often they sat close to each other as they talked, hushing their voices against the low noises of the night.

She told him of how she had saved in order to spend this summer in France and Italy and how she would probably never again have the chance to be alone in Europe. Even as it was, they had thought it scandalous back home, the idea of a young girl, unaccompanied, unprotected, abroad.

She smiled a little — what would they think now, if. . .

David smiled too and removed his arm from the low balustrade behind her.

She would be married soon — next year, perhaps.

Was she in love? His voice sounded strange to himself as he said it.

Yes, she supposed so. . . . He was a sweet boy . . . a sort of cousin. . . . They'd been brought up together. He had a small store in the town. Their lives would probably be lived out together in that place. That's why she had wanted so much to come over. Oh, of course she might do it again —

one couldn't say — but not alone.

"Alone?" David said.

"Yes," she answered. "Like this."

Eulalie would look with disapproving eyes at their separate rooms next morning. David knew enough Provençal to gather that she was not grumbling about the extra work. Her philosophy was being destroyed, flaunted by two young people who . . . well, it was different in her day. She felt she really ought to speak to them about it but instead she shrugged. Perhaps it was not her business after all. . . .

There was a broad balcony connecting the two sleeping rooms at the rear of the house, above the garden and overlooking the Val d'Enfer. After they said good night, David, unable to sleep, stirred by a restlessness and quiet pain he could not analyze, would throw on a robe and walk out onto the balcony. He would look at her door, half-open to the night, and walk back and forth but only so near that his shadow against the moon might not disturb her. It was something of a trick, to see how close he might come without getting in her line of vision, to see how quietly he might move.

He was a little proud of himself. There were people who would say things like this were impossible. Who was it — La Rochefoucauld? — who said certainly platonic love was quite possible — "mais après!"?

Well, in this case there was no *devant* and no *après*. In fact love didn't enter it at all — platonic or otherwise. It was a damn good thing it didn't. He'd be in fine shape now if he cared about her that way, wouldn't he? Imagine living among these hills and ruins with someone you loved and not . . . after you'd put yourself on your honor.

What had he told her? "We'd be sharing Les Baux and the days. That's all there is to it."

To go back on a thing like that . . . to reduce the whole unforgettable experience to the level of a summer flirtation, a perfunctory romance . . . to forget his code. Yes, he was lucky. It would be easy to suffer for a girl like that.

She was lovely to be with, of course, so unstrained, so reticent, so simple. That queer feeling when she told him of the boy at home. That was just the sense of wasted lives, of immolation, of

QUIET BANNERS

dullness. It seemed so pitiful. It would be distressing to think of anyone — no, not anyone. With some people it didn't matter one way or the other. But certainly she was better than that. She deserved more than the petty isolation of provincial living.

But what was the life they were experiencing now? Wasn't it provincial, circumscribed? They were surrounded by nothing intellectual, social, cosmopolitan. This was ideal, idyllic. It couldn't be that. Oh, but here they were enveloped by the past — the fragrance of a crumbled, forgotten culture was all about them. Those were the castles of Guillaume des Baux; here were the courts of love of Provence! In this place, Mistral, taking his name from the wind of the south, lived and wrote. Those towers that blacked out the moon-drenched sky had listened to his singing. . . .

He found he had stepped into the path of light. His shadow from the moon had slid through her half-open door, lay across her bed, perhaps against her body. He turned noiselessly into his room and listened intently for a moment. . . . He did not sleep.

She lay awake, aware of his footsteps and then of their silence. The strip of moon drifted across her covers and slipped softly to the floor. He did not hear her call "David" — softly.

VI

IT WAS HER LAST day in Les Baux. He would be staying another two weeks, but she had to go back to Paris to make ready for her departure. They were climbing the ruins for the last time. He had his sketchbook and pencil in his hand but he was not using them.

Down below in the village there were signs of unusual activity. It was not often that someone was leaving Les Baux, driving miles away to the nearest station.

They could see their house, with the terraced garden and the balcony, the yellow, crumbling stone, the pale orange of the tiled roof shot with red and green in the rain-eaten valleys. He had done this scene from above many times in his notebook — in water color, crayon, and pencil. He had caught Les Baux in its varying moods — sparkling in the early morning, with the roofs still wet with the dew; sad in the drizzle of a gray forenoon; golden, with close-clipped blue shadows underlining the eaves, in the descending sun. Now he turned to the drawing that was a brilliant mosaic of roofs and trees and walls against the gray-green Val d'Enfer — Les Baux exuberant and drunk under its own color.

"Would you like to have it?" he said.

She looked down at his hand flexing the corner of the page.

"I'd like the one with the mist and the rain," she said.

He turned to the leaf, tore it out carefully, and handed it to her.

She looked at it for a long time, then down at the village, as though to substitute for the patchwork of old gold and emerald green that lay below her the mist and drizzle of the morning after she had said his name and he had not heard. She put the drawing in her bag.

They descended from the castles along the old Roman road to their house. A battered car that had been borrowed from the postmaster at Maussanne already stood before the door. David put in her bags and packages and a great bundle of flowers he had collected for her that morning from the garden. He was driving with her, of course, to the station at Arles. The boy from the inn was in the driver's seat, and she had shaken hands with the villagers and kissed the little children who had gathered round the car and promised Eulalie a black-silk dress from America. David gave the signal. The car coughed and rattled along the paved street toward the open road to Tarascon and Arles. She sat silent, not looking back.

VII

DAVID watched the train pull out, until it was transferred to another sense and became a diminishing blur of sound, softer than the drowsy hum of Arles that was about him. He walked back to the car. They started for the village.

Well, it had been a fine two weeks, rather perfect in its way. Of course, he'd miss her for a while. It was only natural. It wouldn't be long before he'd get over this funny little feeling he had. Les Baux and work would take care of that.

Right now he didn't feel much like work. He wondered what he'd do this evening. Have dinner at the inn for a change. Give Eulalie an evening off. He'd chat with them for a while, drink a lot of heavy wine, and turn in early. He'd get a full night's sleep and then tomorrow. . . .

It was hard to think of tomorrow — all day tomorrow — and the day after. Let's see, he had another two weeks. But you couldn't count today, so it was only thirteen days — and the day of departure, that made it twelve days without Esther — no, he didn't mean that.

Twelve days alone in the old house, walking through the hills, touching the ruins, sitting in his garden above the Val d'Enfer through the long summer evenings. . . . But he could leave

whenever he wished. He didn't have to stay out the time.

As though anyone would want to leave Les Baux! Why, the days wouldn't be long enough for him. . . . He swung around suddenly to watch a car that was passing, going in the same direction. . . . Well, if that wasn't ridiculous! For a moment he had imagined — it wasn't even physically possible, unless she got off the train at the next stop and managed to pick up a car to the crossroad and then. . . .

He waved to the peasants, and they waved back at him. There wasn't even a woman in the car. No, she was well on her way to Carcassonne by now. What had given him that crazy notion?

Why had he been unable to speak to her during those last precious moments? Why was everything that he said so hollow and strained and unfinished? He remembered something about "rare — unrepeatable." She had echoed the word "unrepeatable" — that was all. He wanted to tell her to write, to give him her mailing address in Paris. He wanted to joke a little, now that it was all over, about their weeks of "living together." The words died on his palate. He was sick with a curious sense of emptiness and defeat.

They drove through the gateway of Les Baux and up to the little house. He thought the villagers looked at him queerly. Perhaps Eulalie had been talking. That was funny. Gossip in Provence was not the gossip of America.

He opened the door and cast a quick glance around, half expecting. . . .

He told Eulalie not to prepare dinner and went to sit in the garden.

Defeat? Why defeat? He hadn't been beaten at anything. In fact he had won, and there had been no battle. He had merely done the right thing. No, it wasn't even as definite as that. He had *not* done the *wrong* thing. That was the way to put it. He had made something different, unique out of this experience. He had nothing to blame himself for. And there was nothing hanging over, nothing to soil her faith in his word, to disturb her placid pattern, all neatly set and arranged for the future. She would go back to the small town where she lived; she would follow the even way of her life, without — without. . . .

Something came to his mind about measured drawings. They were correct. That was it. Correct and lifeless — architecture without flesh — chaste, with no shadows — without beauty — without reality. . . .

He felt suddenly chilled and hollow. It must be the mistral coming up from the south. He rose and walked to the inn.

A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach
President, Poetry Society of America



COLLEGE POETRY

THE EXHIBITS on this page this month are among those which barely fell short of prize-winning standards in THE FORUM's recent contest for college verse.

Automobile Show

*Smart as a bellhop —
Smooth as a manikin —
Quick as a scholar —
Virile as a redhead —
Easy as a lullaby —
Slick as a baby —
The latest automobile!*

Maurice

*The man who shares the common things of
life with me
Is not so light as love alone. . . .
He is built from solid earth to furnish food,
He is a living pine tree, substantially singing
in the wind,
He is growing proudly upward unmindful
of my weight of snow,
He cries that he is glad he carries me. . . .*

CAROL ELY HARPER
Linfield College; McMinnville, Ore.

Elinor Wylie

*If I could wield the iron of your word
That hides in silver-crystal minstrelsy,
I should be happy; I should praise the Lord
And die upon a silver-crystal sword.*

JEAN CAMERON
Principia College; St. Louis, Mo.

Whimsey

*Love came silently
And left the back door open.
I closed it,
Unsuspecting.*

CAROLYN DESHAN
Mississippi State College for
Women; Columbus, Miss.

The City Dweller Balances Her Account

*Life, I did not mean to ask
More than you could give to me.
I gave the best I had to give
In bringing to a close the task
That you and my dim destiny
Had given me by which to live.*

*I asked you for the stars at night
Over meadows, calm and still,
For buttercups, anemones,
For silken tissue of the light
The moon casts on a winter hill,
For rhythmic roaring of the seas.*

*In other coin you chose to pay:
In silver threads of city rain,
In jagged, ill-wrought, heavy bars
Of city sunlight's golden gray;
And raindrops on the windowpane
Must be a substitute for stars.*

Rain

*Magic comes with a rainy day:
Long as I live I'll love
Wind and rain in my face, and gray
Above.*

*Who cannot see its mystic powers
Must be beauty blind.
In all the rounded, golden hours
I find*

*No tonic for a dreary soul,
No opiate for pain,
No vision of the perfect whole
Like rain.*

MARJORIE MERRITT
Wellesley College; Wellesley, Mass.

Shadow and Sun

*This is the shade of life,
And I, grown old,
Walk where the darkened ways
Are strangely cold.*

*Reality is vague.
Ashes and dust
Keep half-alive what was
A burning lust.*

*Here in the shadows now,
Illusion done,
I sit, who ran with you
In splendid sun.*

IDELL DURRETT
University of Alabama; Tuscaloosa,
Ala.

Mississippi Hills

*These are not worlds to conquer
Nor frontiers to be won —
These peaceful, friendly hills that sleep,
Dream, in the sun.*

*They are not walls that imprison
Nor gates that set me free;
They are a claim that lays its hand
Upon my loyalty.*

*They were not made of great emotion,
As mountains were, triumphantly,
Nor fashioned out of restlessness
And yearning, as the sea.*

*God made them smiling, in a mood
Of gentle kindness.
The wandering foot can pass, the singing
heart can soar
Beyond their crest.*

*I have seen eyes filled with the quiet
Of living long — old, faded eyes —
Look out upon their dim, blue outlines
Against blue evening skies —*

*Find in the quiet-breathing pines
Mercy and surcease —
And in the silence of these sleeping hills
Find strength and peace.*

YVONNE GRAHAM
Mississippi State College for
Women; Columbus, Miss.

Enough

*You'll not understand,
But I sha'n't complain.
You'll be a gay tune —
A lilting refrain.*

*You will make tea
At four every day.
There will be small cakes
And empty things to say.*

*You'll handle the silver
With manicured hand;
You'll ask if I'm tired
But you won't understand.*

*Gay prints on the wall,
A bright, crackly flame —
These will we have —
They'll be always the same.*

*There will be in store
No ecstasy for me.
It will be enough
To have laughter and tea.*

ROBERT E. MITCHELL
Miami University; Oxford, O.

Our Rostrum

THE CONSTITUTION — OBSOLETE?

To the Editor:

I am deeply interested in the subject matter of the debate on the Constitution ["Shall We Scrap the Constitution?" by Paul Blanshard and Glenn Frank, August FORUM]. . . . I enclose herein a brief statement on the position of Labor regarding this matter. . . .

Enclosure: Labor looks at the impasse into which the judiciary has brought us by the Supreme Court decision in the Schechter case for the purpose of finding out whether we as a nation can act to safeguard the welfare of our citizens who are wage earners against vested interests which have established property rights.

Accepting the statement of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court that "the Constitution is whatever the Court says it is," we regard the decisions of the Supreme Court in the Railway Pension Act and in the Schechter case as fundamental principles to be adapted to existing conditions for the purpose of realizing the democratic ideals of the Fathers who wrote it. Procedures achieving freedom and democracy in colonial times would defeat these ends under present industrial civilization.

Separation and balancing of powers may theoretically insure against political despotism, but they also provide opportunity for business tyranny of the most unbearable form. We must watch not only the forms of government but the nature and forms of private and industrial institutions that may be stronger than the political.

Labor believes that the only safeguard of liberty is to place effective sovereignty in the hands of the people themselves, making their will supreme over the interpretations of any division of the government.

WILLIAM GREEN, *President*
American Federation of Labor
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor:

There are still many persons who are wedded to the idea that those who hold that our Constitution should be scrapped are capable of doing rational thinking.

And there are still many persons who are wedded to the idea that those who hold the Constitution to be similar to a piece of cast iron are also capable of doing rational thinking.

But I am one of those who hold that the Constitution should never be treated as a piece of cast iron nor should be scrapped. Rather, it should be amended again and again until it reaches that dizzy height where racketeering is curbed and we have a nation of, for, and by the people themselves.

C. VAN DUZEN

Cincinnati, O.

REPUBLICAN PROBLEMS

To the Editor:

Your remarks in the two concluding paragraphs of your editorial ["Republicans Awake!"] in the August FORUM impel me to write to you and to congratulate you upon your viewpoint. . . .

You have given to the Republicans something to think about. And, at the same time, it might be well for the Democrats to beware lest the Republicans actually take up the idea of fostering the co-operative movement. To the consumer and the producer it is immaterial who will foster the movement. In the countries where consumers' co-operation has done so much for the average citizen, the political structure had no meaning for them. Even in Czarist Russia the co-operative movement flourished and hastened the day of the downfall of the autocracy.

I am now affiliated with Mr. Edward A. Filene in an endeavor to inaugurate the consumers' co-operative movement on a large scale. . . .

JOSEPH A. MARCUS
Consumer Distribution Corp.
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

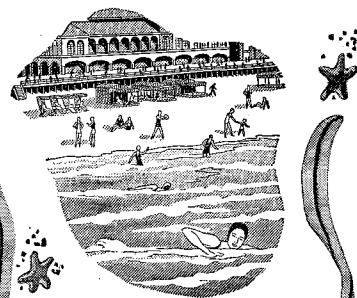
. . . If I properly sense the feeling of the younger people in this country, I am correct in saying they do not regard the present-day issue as one between conservatives and radicals. They believe that the fight is between liberals and illiberals, the former believing in a sovereign people and a subject government, the latter believing in a sovereign government and a subject people. These young people believe that it is better to correct the weaknesses in the liberal system than to junk the system entirely and to replace it by some European model.

Those former Republican leaders who have believed in exploitation in the past and economic tyranny are just as illiberal as the collectivists now in Washington. If the Republican Party is to return to power it must champion the liberal cause opposing economic tyranny on the right and political tyranny on the left.

GEORGE OLMSTED, *Chairman*
Young Republican National Committee
Des Moines, Ia.

To the Editor:

Let me express my warm appreciation of your editorial foreword on the Republican Party. I greatly admire its frankness, its courage, its clarity, and its keen penetration. My own experience, reactions, and judgment are very much like yours, although I did vote for Harding regretfully and for Hoover hopefully, the second time. And like you I have stood for the League of Nations through thick and thin. Furthermore I have scandalized many of my Republican friends by my staunch de-



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Our Rostrum

fense and appreciation of Roosevelt and what he is trying to do. It is comforting and helpful to know that a man of your caliber understands the situation so well and does not hesitate to speak out and tell his following all about it.

GEORGE W. COLEMAN, *President*
Ford Hall Forum
Boston, Mass.

To the Editor:

Your editorial, "Republicans Awake!" in the August FORUM points out the wisest forward movement and the most permanent recovery policy which is possible in the United States: co-operative individualism or co-operation for the benefit of the individual citizen. This is a social program which offers opportunity to those who are suffering from the maladjustment of the present economic system, which is threatening to hamstring American industry.

Co-operative business organizations are now occupying a large enough place to show that they are as fully adapted to American conditions as to Sweden or Denmark. They have proved successful in many different fields, so that we have farmers' co-operative-selling organizations, consumers' purchasing societies, mutual fire-insurance companies, and credit unions. Their success has been the more significant because it has been necessary for them to fight their way against the current; American political and financial leaders have not given the same support to the co-operatives that they have given to other business.

Your editorial is timely. Our country needs some changes in the laws to enlarge the field for co-operative enterprise, but the most urgent need is for statesmen who will sponsor the cause of co-operation openly and show that co-operation offers a major opportunity to the individual citizen.

L. EMORY SMITH, *President*
Postal Credit Union of Baton Rouge
Baton Rouge, La.

WAR AND DISEASE

To the Editor:

I read some time ago the survey by Messrs. Thompson and Whelpton, and was much impressed by it. Hence, Mr. [Frank C.] Hanighen's article ["Life Takes a Holiday," August FORUM] does not come to me altogether as a surprise.

I agree with him that we are likely to have a smaller population and an older population and that this will mean great changes in many if not all industries.

Mr. Hanighen paints with pretty broad strokes, however: "Assuming, then, that the world... is on the verge of starting another... war... Dismissing the claims of sensational pacifists...."

After another war, we may expect to find. . . ."

These are pretty generous assumptions.

BRUCE BARTON

New York, N. Y.

THE DANCE

To the Editor:

. . . Mr. [David Allan] Ross' article ["The Dance of Youth," August FORUM] . . . is both ignorant and prejudiced, assuming a great many things without having had any direct contact with them. But this is the kind of remark Mr. Ross would expect me to make, and I am making it.

LINCOLN KIRSTEIN, *Director*
The School of American Ballet
New York, N. Y.

RAILROADS

To the Editor:

Russell Holt Peters' article, "Clear All Crossings" [July FORUM], seems to me a good and well worth-while piece. I especially like the idea that the plight of the railroads demands economy of operation as well as increase in revenue. We are learning a lot about what the people want and when we know exactly what it is we will plan to provide it as well and as efficiently as possible. If that isn't sufficient we will at least go down trying.

RALPH BUDD

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editor:

I have read with interest Russell Holt Peters' article, "Clear All Crossings." . . . It is a good article and evidences a close understanding of the railroad situation.

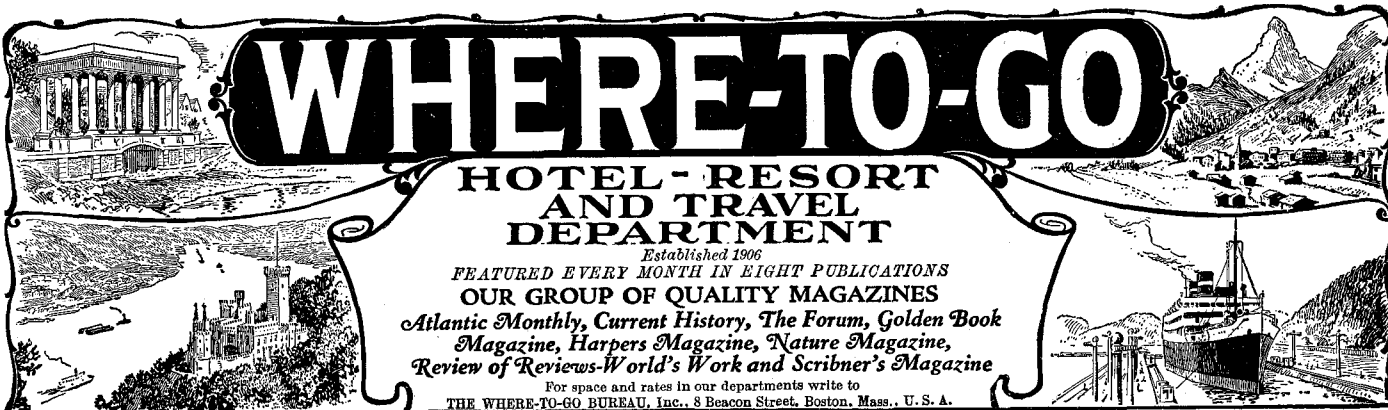
I regard this move of the railroads as a fine example of courage, in the midst of the depression. They are not taking it lying down but pioneering with all of their old spirit. The immediate result is essentially psychological, and there is no question but that the general public is now rail-minded as it has not been in a generation. The crux of the whole matter, however, is an economic one. In the last analysis these trains must pay. They will return business to the railroads, but we can learn only from experience what the important items of repairs and depreciation will be on this new type of equipment.

C. R. GRAY, *President*
Union Pacific System
Omaha, Neb.

PLEASANT WORDS

To the Editor:

. . . Your July issue was much too devastating. The story by Maurice Samuel ["A Reasonable Success"] is one of the cleverest we have had in many a day — and the article by Marion Lay ["Mexico



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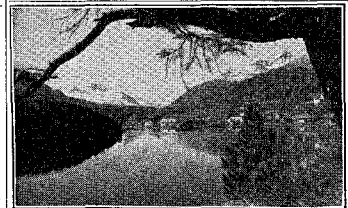
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Our Rostrum

on \$20 a Month”] has so considerably upset us that I would very much appreciate your letting me know how I could write to Miss Lay for some information. I am sure that she has been pestered to death since the publication of the July issue, but she is bringing the punishment on herself by being too alluring. . . .

ERNESTINE SAMUELS

Oakland, Calif.

ART IN AMERICA
 To the Editor:

Mr. Ralph [M.] Pearson [“Impotent America,” July FORUM] seems to be laboring under the assumption that anything he does not personally like must necessarily be wrong. Living with antiques has never made me feel like an anachronism, though I think modern architecture and furniture are swell, likewise modern painting. The “machine to live in” idea can be carried too far. Does the fact that we

now have automobiles, airplanes, high-speed trains and liners make people of today as different from their ancestors as Mr. Pearson assumes? Do we not still eat, sit down, and sleep in much the same way? Let us have our kitchens, bathrooms, and heating plants functional if we like but in the rest of the house let us express ourselves as we wish. Did it ever occur to Mr. Pearson that Mr. Smith may have chosen the furnishings of some dead king (whichever one) because he liked them?

And he would prefer government offices to be decorated with velvet-pincushion Indians by Benton rather than something by Curry or Marsh which would be at least vital. Just why is the third dimension, so much to be desired in an easel painting, considered anathema in a mural? Because a painter has never done a mural is no sign that he can't.

Mr. Pearson's distinction between the intellectual and emotional approaches to

art, however, is one which I have proved in my own experience. I had always had an urge to draw, but two or three courses in an Eastern college taught me, apparently, that I had no talent. Only recently I have been studying in an art school where creative work is stressed and find that I can produce things that are not without emotional interest.

The indictment of the art museum doubtless has some foundation, but why does Mr. Pearson imply that ancient art is “dead” art? Let him watch the crowds of men and women of all sorts who flock through the Detroit Institute of Art on a Sunday afternoon, and he will see that they like it. And some get as much pleasure from a Tanagra figurine or a primitive altarpiece as from the famed Rivera murals, which dramatize the industrial background of the city.

LUCILLE JOYCE GILBERT

Flint, Mich.

RELIEF *for* READERS

EVEN the most serious minded of us can't read about CONDITIONS all the time. Granted that the important issues of the day demand our most energetic thought and study, we need another kind of reading also to balance our intellectual diet.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE is happy to present an astonishing (and extremely funny) document concerning the home life of a Maine Yankee who later went to King Edward's court.

"Hiram Stevens Maxim: Parent," by Hiram Percy Maxim, is the story of one famous inventor by another famous inventor — his son. Mr. Maxim's reminiscences of his childhood in the turbulent company of his picturesque and temperamental father provide the delicious relief that comes from a profuse burst of unpremeditated laughter.

The first installment of this lively feature appears in the September issue of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. If you are not already a subscriber to what is generally regarded as America's most distinguished magazine, you are invited to take advantage of an introductory offer of six months for only \$1 (exactly half price). Send us at once the coupon below to make sure of reading:

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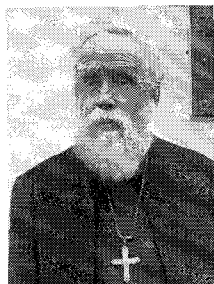
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TOASTS



LORD WILLIAM CECIL is the second son of the third Marquess of Salisbury. Ordained in 1887, he has been Bishop of Exeter since 1916. He is the author of *Changing China, Science and Religion*, and *Difficulties and Duties*. Three of his four

sons were killed in the World War.

HENRY ADAMS BELLOWS, who turned the *Poetic Edda* into English verse, is a brilliant son of Harvard who has filled, with equal distinction, the posts of college professor, editor, soldier, music critic, and broadcasting director.

R. E. CHEESMAN (Major, retired) was formerly British Consul in Northwest Abyssinia, and is regarded in England as an outstanding authority on that country. He is a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.

MARY M. COLUM returns to THE FORUM this fall and winter after a summer spent laboring on a book of criticism.

FRANCIS C. KELLEY, Bishop of Oklahoma City and Tulsa, is the author of that much-discussed book on Mexico, *Blood-Drenched Altars*. During the past summer he conducted a retreat for Catholic priests at Rochester, New York.

ENID BAGNOLD'S delightful qualities as a writer first received notice with the publication of her novel, *National Velvet*. "Notes of a War Nurse" are from an earlier book to be reissued this fall.

CLARE LEIGHTON'S skill as a woodcutter has put her in the forefront of English artists. Her work has been reproduced in THE FORUM often in the past.

OLIVER WILLIAMS is a New York businessman. Convinced that the obstruction of international trade will be fatal if long continued, he hopes to re-establish the tariff as an American political issue.

HAROLD PALMER DUEY is a practicing dentist in Los Angeles, whose hobby is the psychological and philosophical side of his profession.

EVELYN A. CUMMINS is a former staff member of *The Living Church* and is now with *The Chronicle*, both publications of the Episcopal Church.

BERTRAM B. FOWLER, a journalist formerly with the *Christian Science Monitor*, has provoked wide comment with his FORUM articles on the consumers' co-operative movement and will write again in an early issue.

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD is the widow of the late Maynard Shipley, former President of the Science League of America and whose biography she has just completed. Besides her free-lance writing, Miss deFord is the author of *Love Children: A Book of Illustrious Illegitimates*.

In the October issue of ASIA The Magazine of the Orient

What Japan Wants

by HIROSI SAITO

A message to the people of the United States, written for ASIA by the Japanese Ambassador.

The White Peril

by NATHANIEL PEPPER

The startling implications for the Orient of war in Ethiopia.

On the Wickedness of Being Nomads

by OWEN LATTIMORE

The first clear explanation of the critical situation in Mongolia, by the leading authority.

The Way Out for China

by LIN YUTANG

One of the most forthright and eloquent attacks on corruption ever written by a man of any nationality about his own country.

What Profit Manchuria?

by BUNJI OMURA

A Japanese assays the cost of the Manchurian adventure to the plain people of Japan.

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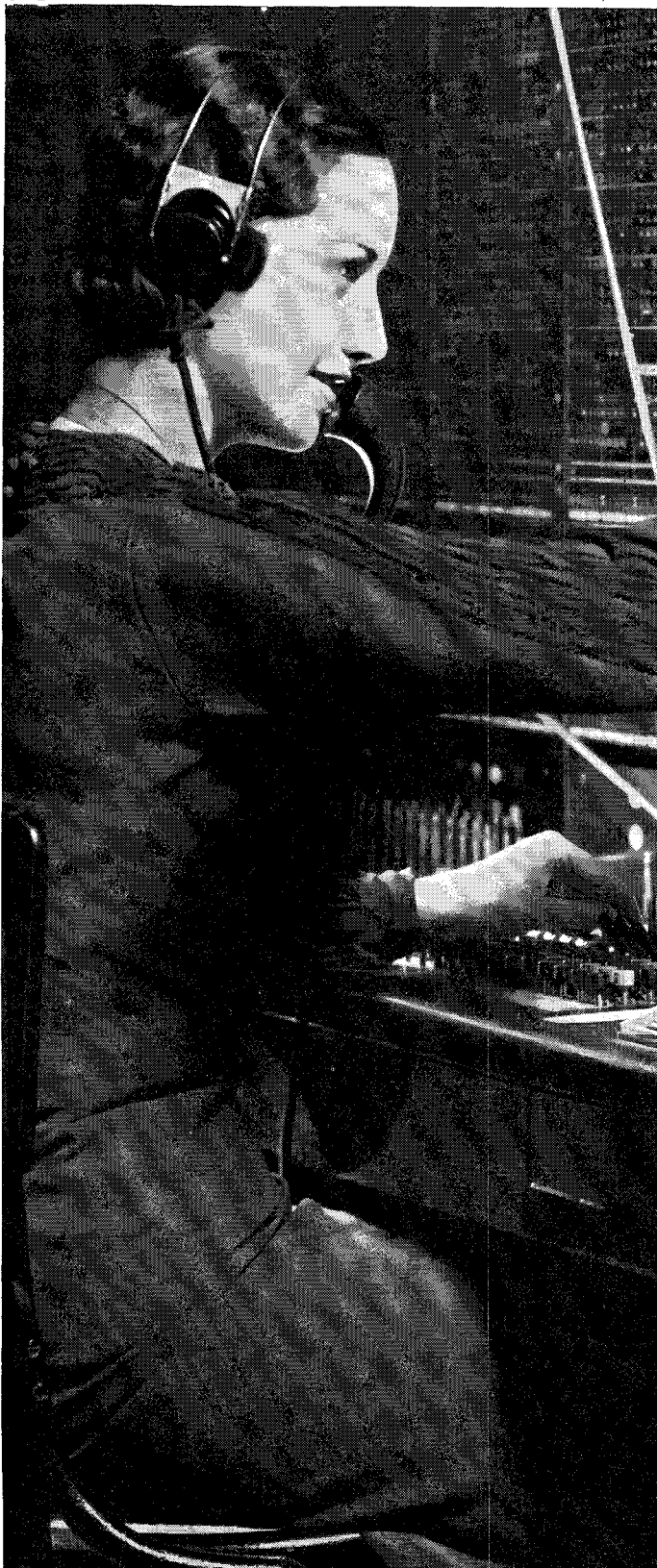
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HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

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PIERRE LAVAL

Janet Flanner

The fact that the present Premier of France began his political career with an office on a Communist ticket and subsequently switched to a Republican has often caused Frenchmen to observe that his name, L-A-V-A-L, reads as well from Right to Left as from Left to Right. Be that as it may, this pudgy, black-haired politician has been in the game for twenty-one years without making an enemy — an accomplishment not a little responsible for his present role as the most important man in his country and, in view of his precarious balance diplomatically between England and Italy, one of the most important in Europe.

MICKEY VS. POPEYE

William deMille

The startling fact that the school-children of America have indicated a preference for the rugged individualist, Popeye the Sailor Man, over the gentle altruist, Mickey Mouse, leads the author to speculate sadly whither the newest generation is drifting.

TAKE THE PROFIT OUT OF KIDNAPING

Richard Lee Strout

If the kidnaper is a public enemy, then giving him aid and comfort should be a crime, as it is a crime to assist an enemy in time of war. But the sentimental American public refuses to regard the payment of ransom to a criminal as an anti-social act. If our police forces, instead of suspending activity until that payment has been made and the victim returned, should make ransoming impossible, kidnaping would become a totally profitless venture.

MADE IN JAPAN

Guenther Stein

Amid all the loose talk about the danger of cheap Japanese labor to workers in other countries, there has been little careful analyzing of the nature and condition of the Japanese working class itself. Mr. Stein, in the first of two articles for THE FORUM, takes you into a lower-class Japanese household, examines its members, its budget, and its most intimate ways of life.

THE MENTAL UNDERWORLD

Upton Sinclair

The existence of the subconscious mind, discovered by Mesmer a century and a half ago, is still ignored, for the most part, by those who ought to be investigating it. Science, preoccupied with things which can be weighed and measured, has cast a stigma on research in mental phenomena by its neglect. But the mass of evidence leaves no doubt that many of the things on which science skeptically turns its back do take place. How they take place, the determination of the exact relationship of the physical to the mental, is what remains to be studied.

OTHER FEATURES

A discussion of current books, by Mary M. Colum; the second of Enid Bagnold's two selections from her diary as a war nurse; "Even the Best Cooks Are Men!" by Margaret Mead; "Astral Voyages," by Sax Rohmer; "Up to Meet the Sunrise," by William H. Wenstrom; "The Danger of the High Hat," by Eleanor R. Wembridge.

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THE BOOK PARADE

BY EDITH H. WALTON



AMERICA FACES THE BARRICADES, by John L. Spivak (Covici-Friede, \$2.50). Mr. Spivak is an exceptionally good reporter with a knack of asking the sort of question that businessmen, professional men, and politicians feel uncomfortable in answering. Whatever their response—whether it be evasive or a blundering attempt to meet Mr. Spivak's insinuations with an array of homely philosophy and slipshod thinking—invariably it bears out Mr. Spivak's conviction that they are badly muddled and incapable of tracing down and eliminating the increasing number of short circuits in the American economic system. For eighteen months Mr. Spivak traveled throughout the United States interviewing people engaged in the multiform struggle for the benefits of democracy—dirt farmers, cattlemen, share croppers, miners, steel workers, longshoremen, auto workers, labor leaders, and various members of the more privileged classes mentioned above. *America Faces the Barricades* is a study of what all these people think of their conditions of life and the system responsible for those conditions. Although there is discontent among the vast majority of workers—discontent which more and more frequently manifests itself in open warfare against the powers that control wages and employment and distribute the dwindling funds of relief—they do not as yet contemplate the overthrow of the government. They are patient and long-suffering. All they want is food, according to Mr. Spivak, and, if the government makes it impossible for them to earn it or will not give it to them, then they will overthrow the government, without realizing they are doing so. It is obvious from all this that what lies ahead may well be a grim and bloody period of revolt unless something is done, and done soon, to alleviate the economic distress into which the people of this country have fallen. And, although no solution to the problem lies within this book, at least it contains sufficient provocation for a wise and discerning minority of citizens to demand an honest and intelligent leadership from those who tend more and more to evade its issues.

NORTH TO THE ORIENT, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50). On July 27, 1931, the Lindberghs set out for China by the great-circle route. Anne, who had learned how for the occasion, operated the radio of the plane, and they carried with them provisions against all possible disaster. Their flight took them to

icebound settlements in Alaska where a boat was seen only once a year; they made a forced landing near Nome, where they encountered a party of stolid Eskimo duck hunters; they made other, more precarious landings round the outermost islands of Japan. Any account of such an adventure would automatically be interesting, but it happens, for extravagant measure, that Anne Lindbergh can write. Simply, modestly, with engaging humor and charm, she tells what it actually felt like to engage in this perilous expedition. She etches small scenes of comic incidents on the way; she recaptures her own sensations when death seemed very near; she communicates, quite perfectly, the strange excitement of flying. Her book would be excellent even if she had less stirring things to report. As it is, it is an extraordinary tale of a still more extraordinary trip.

THE CIRCUS OF DOCTOR LAO, by Charles G. Finney (Viking, \$2.00). Beside Mr. Finney's fabulous Doctor Lao, with his strange circus of mythological birds and beasts, our own Frank (Bring-'Em-Back-Alive) Buck and his collection of lions, leopards, pythons, and assorted apes seem commonplace and trivial. Even the 154 simians which recently escaped from Mr. Buck's menagerie in Massapequa, Long Island, did not begin to approximate the variety and spontaneity of the performances put on in the dusty little town of Abalone, Arizona, by Doctor Lao's Satyr, his Chimera, his Hound of the Hedges, his Sea Serpent, and his miracle-working wizard, Apollonius of Tyana. In other words, to counterfeit a rare old phrase, *The Circus of Doctor Lao* is more fun than a barrel of monkeys, and not the least of its hilarious entertainment is provided by Boris Artzybasheff's illustrations, reminiscent of the Flemish grotesqueries of Hieronymus Bosch.

MEMOIRS OF COUNT APPONYI (Macmillan, \$2.50). Count Albert Apponyi, who died last year at the age of eighty-eight, was one of Hungary's leading statesmen and her chief spokesman abroad. He was a man, obviously, of great charm and culture, the kind of aristocrat one reads about but seldom confronts in the flesh, and his memoirs, written in old age, are anything but dry, garrulous, or heavy. Oddly enough, he almost ignores his political career, choosing to concentrate on his youth, on his vivid, delightful memories of Liszt and Wagner—both of whom he knew intimately—and on his impressions

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of America, to which he made several lecture trips. The weightiest, most historically significant chapter in the book is that on the Peace Conference, which Count Apponyi attended as his country's chief delegate. Faced there with a bitter and hopeless situation, he conciliated the Conference by his great tact and by his amazing achievement in delivering his plea for Hungary in French, English, and Italian. Always a liberal, though naturally hostile in his later years to Russia and communism, Count Apponyi was evidently an example of the grand gentleman at his best. His informal, unassuming memoirs make excellent reading.

LUCY GAYHEART, by Willa Cather (Knopf, \$2.50). Returning once more to Nebraska, Miss Cather relates in delicate, muted tones the story of a young girl who was betrayed by her ardent impulsiveness. In Chicago, where she had gone to study music, Lucy became the accompanist of a famous middle-aged singer, to whom she was passionately drawn. Their love ended with Sebastian's death, and Lucy came creeping back to her home town, all her lovely gaiety gone. She died soon afterwards, as tragically and suddenly as Sebastian, but she lived in the memory of Harry Gordon, who had loved her and who had married another woman out of anger and pique. Twenty-five years after, he still thought of her constantly — to him she was the only exquisite thing in a life that had been ruthless and drab. With the best will in the world one cannot claim *Lucy Gayheart* as one of Miss Cather's major works. It is pathetic rather than tragic; its wraithlike, legendary quality cannot be measured against the robustness of *My Antonia*. One must accept it for what it is, a brief tale, with a gentle subdued charm, which is written as flawlessly as its more substantial predecessors.

LAND UNDER ENGLAND, by Joseph O'Neill (Simon & Schuster, \$2.00). Here is a combination of thriller and satire that carries on with brilliant success the type of social criticism to be found in *Gulliver's Travels*, *Erewhon*, and *The Time Machine*. It tells of the search of a young Englishman for his father, in a weird, subterranean kingdom lying beneath the ruins of the old Roman wall that stretches from Bowness to Wallsend. On his journey he encounters fierce, spiderlike creatures, huge serpents, repulsive slugs, and Gargantuan toads — all dwelling in vast wildernesses and swamps of fungoid growths and phosphorescent trees. Finally, after crossing a mighty underground sea, he comes upon a strange people — descendants of the old Roman legionnaires — who have become completely regimented by their leaders, the Masters of Thought. In describing how the Masters of Thought have killed

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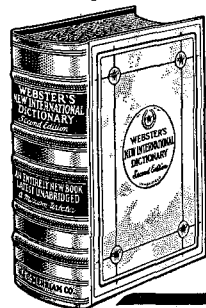
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the minds and imaginations of their subjects, Mr. O'Neill delivers himself of his most potent satire against the dictates of Fascism. It would be unfair to divulge in a review what happens when the young man eventually finds his father, but it furnishes as exciting a climax to a superbly exciting book as one could possibly wish.

"KING LEHR" AND THE GILDED AGE, by Elizabeth Drexel Lehr (Lippincott, \$3.00). Here is a book to place on the shelf beside young Mr. Vanderbilt's latest opus. It deals with an earlier period — the decades just before the war — and is written in a different tone, but its naïve account of the follies of high society is certainly equally appalling. Mrs. Lehr, born a Drexel, discovered on her wedding night that society's jester and darling had married her only for her money. Their marriage, for her, was a cruel mockery, and Harry Lehr, as he emerges from these pages, was a callous, vapid snob who became a favorite and an arbiter of fashion because of his childish practical jokes, his ability to devise ingenious entertainments, and his faculty for pandering to the rich. Newport, in the days when Lehr reigned as king, devoted most of its energies to incredibly lavish entertainments, to petty feuds and machinations, to the maintenance of its own inflated dignity. When Newport's denizens went abroad, and mixed with kings and archdukes, their activities were merely repeated. It is not a pretty picture which Mrs. Lehr draws and it is the more devastating because she does not even censure the folly, extravagance, and fatuity of the people who thought Harry Lehr was a wit and a charming fellow.

RICHARD SAVAGE, by Gwyn Jones (Viking, \$2.50). Such eighteenth-century celebrities as Alexander Pope, Richard Steele, Colley Cibber, and Samuel Johnson knew Richard Savage and held him in varying esteem as a poet, a charming man about town, a petulant ne'er-do-well, and the unrecognized son of the Countess Macclesfield and Richard Savage, fourth Earl Rivers. Mr. Jones has built up an ingenious story, partly substantiated by existing records, to account for his claim to noble parentage, a claim which he boldly advanced throughout his life, to the snickering amusement of a loose and rotten society. Unfortunately, Mr. Jones has not been particularly adept at reproducing eighteenth-century conversation; he has so overflavored it with stilted elegance that the characters in his book rarely emerge from behind the pall of literary research as people with any warmth or substance. In depicting scenes and incidents, however, Mr. Jones has been more successful, which leads one to believe that he might have done better if

he had curbed his imagination and worked his material into a biography instead of a biographical novel.

JAKE, by Naomi Royde Smith (Macmillan, \$2.50). Here, for once, is a story of exceptional genius which actually rings true. Lingard, a retiring scholar, discovered little Jake Moore when the boy was only ten, and thereafter his life and the lives of several others were wholly given over to furthering Jake's career. The most extraordinary violinist of his day, Jake took what he needed for success out of an imperious need. The responsibility of Lingard and of the others who shielded and sheltered him was ended — and then only partially — when Jake married, against all opposition, at the age of twenty-one. This is a musical novel of really exceptional merit. It is exciting, sensitive, moving, free from all claptrap about genius and its ways. Even the tone-deaf should be caught up by its spell, and for those who really know music it should undoubtedly be a delight.

FOR AUTHORS ONLY, by Kenneth Roberts (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). It is Mr. Roberts' privilege to dub these essays "gloomy," but actually no subtitle could be more willfully inept. Mr. Roberts — don't let him fool you — has had fun with this book. He has had fun at the expense of the Pulitzer Prize Committee; he jibes at astrologers and dietitians and exercise addicts; he explains how disappointing and unprofitable it is both to breed dogs and to write novels. To choose among riches is hard, but possibly he is in finest feather when he describes the building of his "half-baked palace." Italian masons, despite their reputation as craftsmen and beauty lovers, proved to have ways incomprehensible to Americans. They wished to alter architectural plans for the benefit of unborn babes; they had singular, stubborn notions about chimneys and roofs and doors. Mr. Roberts found it all very trying — and wrote three essays about his Italian experiences which deliciously approximate a new *Innocents Abroad*. Mr. Roberts in his role of humorist turns out to be surprisingly good. He deserves his holiday from historical novels, and the chapter on the writing of *Arundel* ought to satisfy the fans.

WINTER ORCHARD, by Josephine Johnson (Simon & Schuster, \$2.50). These short stories, by the winner of the 1935 Pulitzer Prize, are, in their way, quite as fine as *Now in November*. Again one is conscious of Miss Johnson's strange, exquisite style, the maturity of her viewpoint, the fidelity and beauty of her observations of nature. Her range, wider than one might expect, reaches from "Arcadia Recalled" — a flawless recreation of a country childhood

The Book Parade

— to those poignant stories of frustration and injustice which are exemplified by "Safe," "The Preacher's Pilgrimage" and — particularly moving — "I Was Sixteen." ("Dark," another excellent story of this type, was first printed in THE FORUM.) Miss Johnson is still so young that one cannot predict how she may develop. Her brooding, rather fatalistic attitude may lighten presently, but, as things stand, she is clearly one of the most fastidious and original writers of the younger generation. Her work owes little to anybody, unless it be to those other solitaires, Emily Bronte and Emily Dickinson.

MY OWN, MY NATIVE LAND, by Thyra Samter Winslow (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). The inhabitants of her home town have no cause to thank Mrs. Winslow for this book. Biting, merciless, amusing, these are sketches out of her Southwestern childhood, checked and verified by visits made in maturity. The anatomy of a whole town, splendid with cupolas and wooden lace, is here dissected for purposes of mockery. Here are the quarrels of social leaders, the scandals hid behind attic windows, the dullness, meanness, and hypocrisy which, one is asked to believe, are rife everywhere. Naturally, since Mrs. Winslow is both clever and observant, this is an acidly entertaining book. Her malice oversteps itself however, and her findings, though shrewd, are both biased and shallow.

SCHOOLHOUSE IN THE FOOTHILLS, by Ella Enslow, in collaboration with Alvin F. Harlow (Simon & Schuster, \$2.00). Shady Cove, Tennessee, was a tough mountain town — tough for teachers, anyway; for, the winter before Miss Enslow went there to take charge of the school, five young ladies had preceded her and had been bullied away, one after the other, by ignorant, suspicious parents and unruly children. But through bravery and tact and complete understanding she succeeded where her predecessors had failed, winning the respect and finally the love of those benighted and pathetic people. There is none of the condescension of the professional welfare worker about this book. Miss Enslow has seen too much of poverty, of suffering, of death, of humor, tenderness, and devotion among the people of Shady Cove to feel that sort of superiority; and her account of her experiences among them is sincere and moving and well worth reading.

A PREFACE TO MATURITY, by Jules Brousseau (Crowell, \$2.50). Theodora, victim of the cleavage between ill-assorted parents, was one of those supersensitive people who take life hard. Her childhood was unhappy; college did little but stimulate her; a promising first affair found her

spiritually unready for love. Jules Brousseau is telling the ancient story of youth attempting to find itself, but she tells it with variations and more richly than one might expect. This is a really substantial book, which covers nearly three decades of American life and is full of sensitive insight into the problems of the ill-adjusted. It is overlong, rather heavy, often too rhapsodic, and always wholly humorless, but there is genuine feeling in it, and it is both intelligent and original.

ENBURY HEATH, by Stella Gibbons (Longmans, \$2.00). Three orphans, children of a tragically unhappy marriage and a drunken, passionate father, decide to live together in a tiny cottage, after their parents' death, and to achieve the stable, peaceful kind of life they have never known. As it turns out, they are able to protect themselves from their intrusive, melodramatic uncles and aunts but not from their own erratic temperaments. *Enbury Heath* is not as wickedly amusing as Miss Gibbons' previous books — it is even at times pathetic — but the thin, strange young Gardens have some diverting experiences, and there is a sufficiency of gay wit in the novel to prove that Miss Gibbons is as good as ever.

DEATH AND GENERAL PUTNAM, by Arthur Guiterman (Dutton, \$2.00). Mr. Guiterman's title poem, which was first published by F.P.A. and ballyhooed later by Alexander Woolcott, is a modern ballad so stirring that it is bound to become an anthologists' pet. Nothing else in the book is likely to cling to one's memory so persistently, though some of the lyrics about hills and woods and wild creatures have a very real charm.

DOUBTFUL JOY, by Elizabeth Jenkins (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00). In quite a different vein from *Harriet*, that excellent study of murder, this is the story of a shallow, chameleon-like girl, who had learned to be always tactful and charming at the cost of sincerity. Malleable as she seemed, however, Lily had a quality of soft, clinging stubbornness which cropped up when she fell in love. She wrested her middle-aged Lion from two other women, one of them his wife, and, though her bargain seemed a dubious one, its attainment was a tribute to her talents. Miss Jenkins has told this mild little story very subtly and delicately, and with an artistry which is almost too deliberate. It is a good piece of work but it is not so remarkable as *Harriet*.

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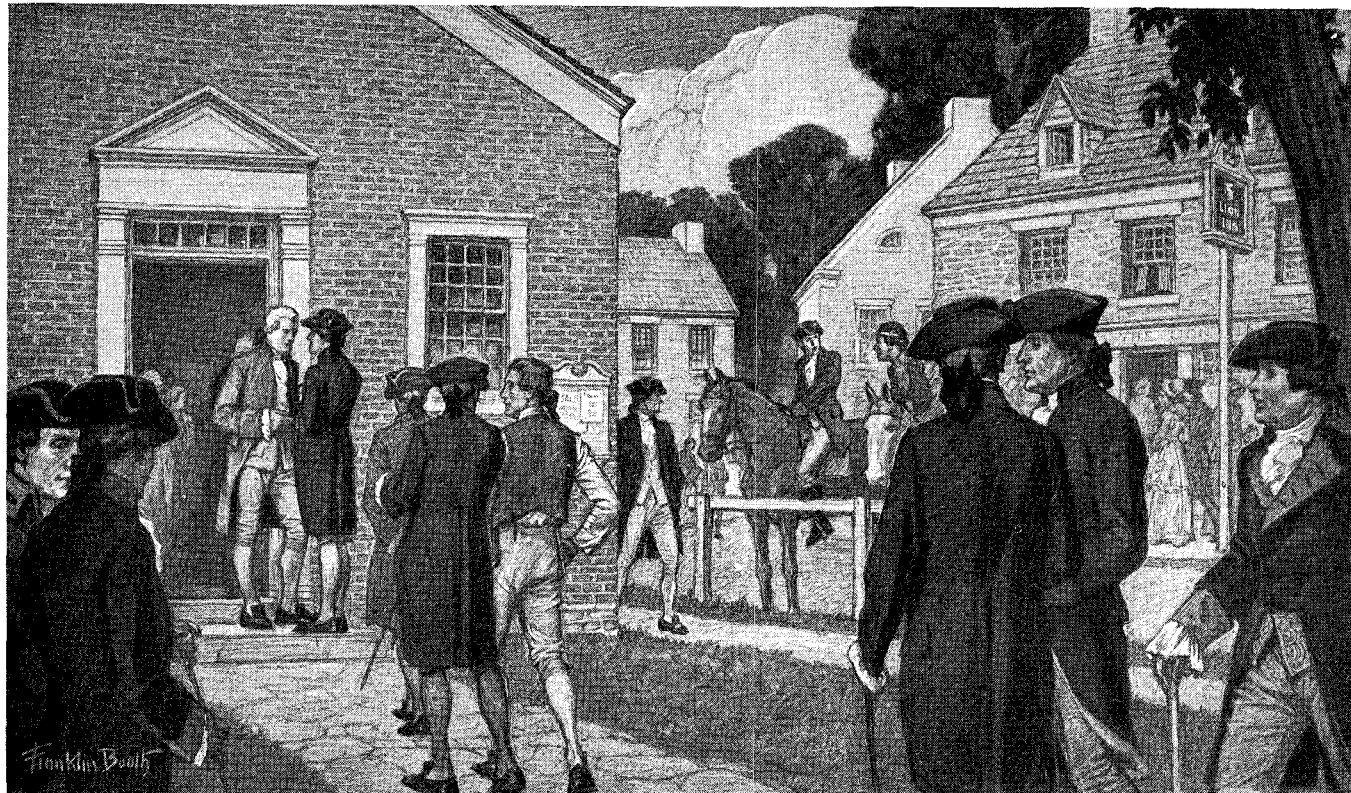
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